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HENRY FITZROY,

THE

YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN.

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1828.

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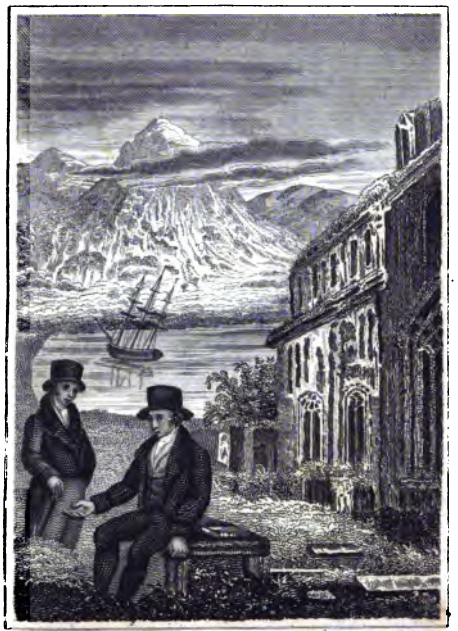
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HENRY FITZROY.



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INTRODUCTION.

INTERRUPTIONS on sea are often unpleasant, especially when they are occasioned more by neglect of duty, than arising from causes over which human power has no control. An obstruction of the former character, I experienced some years ago, when returning from a visit to the south of Scotland; and though the accident was happily the mean of making me acquainted with the following narrative, yet, at the time that it happened, I was not in the best possible humour.

It was the middle of summer, and the weather was uncommonly mild; too mild, indeed, for making an expeditious voyage. We had been three days at sea, and scarcely sixty miles from the place from which we set out. For two days we were completely becalmed, during which the vessel made hardly any progress, except that which was insensibly occasioned by the rise and fall of the tides. Nor could I say, that the time passed over us in a dull or heavy manner; though all, I believe, could not but look with a longing eye towards the port of their destination—yet, none seemed to utter an expression of regret at the length of time the voyage was likely to occupy.

This probably arose from circumstances which contributed much to the entertainment of those who were disposed to be amused. On board were a certain description of persons called players, or, in other words, a company of strolling actors, who were perpetually exhibiting themselves in the different departments of the drama, to the great diversion of every one, except

ing myself; for I had always been decidedly hostile to theatrical exhibitions; and though I abstained from reprobating their principles, (for such an attempt, on the present occasion, would have been both useless and foolish) I did not certainly give any countenance to their exhibitions by my presence. I studiously avoided their society, by shutting myself up in the cabin, and passing the time in reading and writing, though it was extremely difficult to do either, from the incessant noise and bursts of laughter, which the successful efforts of those favourite descendants of Thalia and Thespis, created upon deck.

Such were the operations that were going on above, and such was the situation in which I was placed below, about ten o'clock, on the evening of the fourth day of our voyage, when I was somewhat alarmed by a sudden change of the hilarities upon deck, into something like apparent bustle and confusion. I sprang up to know what had happened, when I learned, to my uneasiness and alarm, that the vessel had

struck on a sand bank. We had been sailing for some time along a barren, mountainous coast, and had just past a reef of rocks, which projected a considerable way into the channel, and were now at the entrance of a bay, which stretched for some little distance into the bosom of the land. Into this bay or creek the tide, or the carelessness of the helmsman, had brought us farther than we now discovered we ought to have gone, and, as might be expected, all was activity and alarm. Some were imprecating the helmsman, for being the cause of the disaster; others, the players, for distracting the attention of the sailors from their duty; but players, passengers, sailors, and all on board, were now putting forth their best efforts in the application of oars, poles, and other expedients, to get the vessel off; but she seemed to resist their united endeavours, and remained immoveable. Finding that farther exertion would be useless, as the tide was fast receding, they relinquished their attempts, and gave up all thoughts of getting her off until high water.

What a transition a short time brings about in the state of mental feeling! But a few minutes before, and all was felicity and joy; the appearance exhibited now, was that of extreme despair. The complaints and apprehensions of the passengers became loud and general. Some were desirous of getting themselves and their property instantly conveyed on shore; though they knew not where to direct their course, from the apparent barrenness of the coast. Others were even afraid, that the vessel would go to pieces, before that could be accomplished. It was evident, indeed, that if any violent wind were to arise, our situation would be extremely perilous. This the Captain himself acknowledged, though he objected to any one leaving the vessel, giving them to understand, that if there were to be any appearance of a storm, they could be all safely landed before any disastrous effects could take place. But as there were, at present, not the smallest indications of any change of weather, he assured them, that the only inconvenience

the accident would occasion, would be the delay of the tide. This assurance tended considerably to appease their troubled minds, and in a short time afterwards they retired to rest.

My sleep on sea was always short and unrefreshing, and on this night, though my mind was free of all those disquietudes which the others felt, I could not refrain from fretting a little at the interruption which had been so carelessly occasioned. I think it might be about four o'clock in the morning, when I got upon deck. I felt refreshed and delighted by the calm mildness of the scene. The comparative loneliness and stillness of the vessel now, from what it was when all were awake, afforded a better opportunity for contemplation. The deck was now cleared of its former occupants, excepting two of the seamen, who were sitting upon the windlass, with their arms across, throwing out to each other an occasional question or remark. The weather was much the same as it was on the preceding evening, excepting that

there seemed to be a light airing of wind gently skimming the surface of the deep, and that, too, favourable for our voyage.

I continued for some time to direct my attention towards the coast. It was just about this time grey dawn. The mighty orb of day was about diffusing his golden streaks upon the eastern horizon, while the caps of mist which had enveloped the mountains, that were now more immediately before me, were disappearing slowly and majestically from their rugged summits, and disclosing to my vision the native beauties of an apparently wild and uncultivated country. The diversified irregularities with which nature had constructed this coast, added much to its grandeur. The hills were of uneven height. Here was the huge mountain, rising in a pyramidical form, the foot and upper parts of which were abundantly covered with the green foliage of birch, ash, and hazle, adjoining to which were little eminences, clad with their native heath, and which seemed to extend beyond their summits, as far as the eye could reach.

As I have already remarked, our vessel was into a sort of bay. The bay was exceedingly small, its white beach apparently not extending two hundred yards in length, at the north and south ends of which were masses of stupendous rocks. What principally attracted my notice on the present occasion, were the ruins of a chapel, seemingly standing in the centre of a burying-ground. How a place of this kind should appear in such a deserted wilderness, where no human habitation was visible, seemed to be somewhat unaccountable and strange. I felt my curiosity considerably excited to go on shore. I intimated my intention to the seamen, who readily complied with the request, and as we were but a short way from the beach, I was soon conveyed thither. As it was not expected that the vessel could float before seven or eight in the morning, I instructed them not to return for me for two hours, in order that I might have time to take a complete survey of the country. The chapel was the first object that caught my eye, and as it was at

no great distance from where I stood, I directed my steps thither. It lay upon the very southmost corner of the bay, almost close to the margin of the water, but upon somewhat of an elevated piece of ground, though entirely destitute of any kind of wall or fence.

On my way thither, the figure of an individual sitting upon a tombstone, struck my astonished gaze. What sort of person this could be, in such a solitary situation, and at such an early hour of the morning, I was at a loss to conjecture; but as I approached nearer, I saw, by his apparently devout attitude, that he was no evil-disposed person, for such a thought had darted athwart my mind, when I first beheld him. Such a sight, in such a situation, and at such an hour, could not be altogether unaccompanied with a feeling of terror to the mind of a solitary traveller; but I was now too near to think of receding without addressing him. He appeared to be a person considerably advanced in years, of fair complexion, dressed in mourning,

and sitting in the situation I have described. I thought his appearance somewhat austere; and the features of his countenance expressive of deep melancholy; his eyes were pensive, and were deeply fixed on a Bible, which he held in his hand.

I was now within a few yards of him, without his having observed me. "You seem, sir," I said, after pausing a little, "to be very devoutly occupied, and you have certainly chosen a time and place that *is in* every respect fitted to inspire feelings of devotion and melancholy."

He started, gazed upon me, and seemed astonished that I should have been so close to him without having noticed me. "I did not expect," said he, in a slow, solemn tone, "to be interrupted in my meditations, by the idle intrusion of strangers;" and having said so, he resumed his book.

"It would indeed, sir, I replied, be the cause of inexpressible grief to me, if I thought, that I were capable of disturbing any one, occupied as you are, and from such a motive as you have imputed to me.

I have just landed from the vessel that lies upon yonder bank, for the purpose of taking a view of this coast, and, in walking up from the shore, I have accidentally come so close upon you as to deem it somewhat odd and uncourteous to have passed without speaking."

"Pardon my rudeness, sir," said he, "with much mildness;" I am one who has witnessed so much domestic calamity, who has seen the futility of depending on worldly possessions, that I scarcely feel any attachment to sublunary enjoyments, and hardly any desire to mix in society."

"Be assured, then, Sir, that I most cordially sympathize with your situation. Though worldly reverses are intended for our good, and have a tendency to diminish our affections to terrestrial objects, and to rivet them more closely upon the great interests of our immortal being; yet it is only in seasons of affliction that the heavenly minded can show the sincerity of their attachment to their brethren upon earth."

He rose up, and shook my hand. "I

am pleased with the manner you have expressed yourself; your sentiments are congenial with my own. Melancholy is indigenous to a place of this kind: no one who visits it can be destitute of such a feeling, especially one who has his best friends deposited in it."

"Apart, Sir," said I, "from these considerations, which are undoubtedly just, methinks its own peculiarly solitary situation would be sufficient to fill the mind with feelings of awe."

"Yes," said he, "its situation is indeed lonely enough. These are the ruins of an ancient cathedral, which was latterly our parish church; but which is now in the village, about two miles over the hill."

"And it must certainly, Sir," said I, "be no common affection that you cherish to this spot, when you could be induced to come from thence, at such an early hour in the morning."

"This spot," said he, with much feeling, "does indeed contain those who are associated with my earliest, my fondest,

and my dearest remembrance, whose lives recall to my mind many blest endearments, which are for ever gone, and many poignant sorrows, which are buried in their graves. The sunshine of prosperity had, indeed, dawned on their early days, but the even-tide of life was fearfully overcast with the heaviest clouds of night. But," continued he, lifting up his eyes to heaven, in a pious attitude, "they are now in that place 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

"There must be something," said I, "exceedingly interesting in their history, and I should like, if it were agreeable to you, to be made acquainted with it."

"The sympathy," answered he, "which you have shown, assures me, that you are one of those few persons who are to be met with in the world, who take a lively interest in the sufferings of their fellow-beings, and with whom one may enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of disclosing their misfortunes, and unbosoming their sorrows. No one knows the history of the family I

am speaking of, more intimately than I do. Many may have a general knowledge of the leading events connected with their history, but to no one have I, as yet, communicated the secret and more interesting details of their lives. These, as you have desired, I shall briefly enumerate, though it shall be with grief to myself, and with pain, I doubt not, to you. My name is Emelton. I was schoolmaster of the parish for twenty-five years, during eighteen of which I was occasionally in the employ of the family whose history I am about to relate; and from this and other circumstances, I should be able to give you a correct and faithful narrative.

CHAPTER I.

After a short pause, Mr. Emelton proceeded as follows:—

Halvard Fitzroy lived in this parish for many years. He held the offices of factor and surveyor of the estates of a neighbouring freeholder, which, exclusive of a free house, and a few acres of land, yielded him annually an income of one hundred and fifty pounds sterling. It was in the latter capacity of surveyor, that my assistance was occasionally required, and for which he paid me a salary of twenty-five pounds, yearly. He was unremittingly attentive to the duties of his situation, humble, and somewhat diffident in his manners; faithful to his employer; kind to the tenants; and, in short, sincerely affectionate to all who were connected with him. Though neither in education, nor in mental powers, was he beneath nor above the ordinary ranks of society, there was a sympathy

and a warmth of heart peculiar to his nature, which rendered him, on every occasion, truly amiable, and made him respected and beloved by all who knew him. Nor was his partner destitute of those qualities, which shone so conspicuously in the character of her husband. She was as sensitive in feeling, and as ardent in her affections, possessed of as good native sense, and of equally mild and gentle manners. She delighted in relieving the wants of the poor, and making all who were within the sphere of her acquaintance contented and happy.

Such were the character of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy. Their children, which I have next to notice, were two sons and a daughter. Edward, the eldest, was entirely destitute of those qualities which distinguished his parents. There was a native thoughtlessness in his manner, and an unsteadiness of mind, which rendered him equally indifferent to his present, as well as careless of his future occupations. Many were the gentle reproofs which he received

from his parents and teacher, and many promises of amendment did he make, but his resolutions were often broken, and, when carried into effect, were of short continuance. Nor did he take it ill to be reprimanded. He rarely got irritated, and was rather characterized by a placidity of temper, than by an irascible disposition. Nor was he destitute of the principles of religion, but those principles were evidently carried into practice more from custom and habit, than from any serious self-conviction of their truth and necessity. For his parents were eminently pious, most undeviatingly exact in the performance of their morning and evening devotional duties, and unremittingly assiduous in impressing on the minds of their children, the doctrines of Christianity, and their duty to their God. Now, I believe, correctly speaking, that it was from such causes as these, that Edward lived, in any measure, under the practical influence of religion, and that had he been educated under a different example, and by those who would be less zealous than his parents

in restraining the native propensities of his heart, and training him up in the paths of righteousness, he would just have insensibly imitated what he saw, and blindly followed the example of his guardians. As it was, he required much of their vigilance and advice, to keep him in the right path, and certainly the superintendence of an intellectual agency much superior to theirs, to have formed him with proper habits, and to have instilled into his mind right dispositions.

Philia, the next member of the family, was five years younger than Edward, and so resembling her father in manners and dispositions, that I need only transcribe his character, in order to show her's. She was, in a word, an amiable, good-natured and most affectionate girl. She delighted in pleasing her parents, and she delighted more in pleasing her God, by a scrupulous obedience to his commandments. And her outward appearance was not less lovely than were the qualities of her soul;—of the middle size in stature, delicately formed, and

with the finest features that a female ever possessed. Her eyes, which sparkled with animation, spoke the sentiments of her soul, and shaded over with the luxuriant tresses of fine jet black hair, made her countenance look uncommonly beautiful and lovely.

Henry, the last member of the family, was two years younger than his sister, and in symmetry of person, and beauty of countenance, probably excelled the others. His features, indeed, closely resembled those of his sister, only that they were tinged with a stronger vermilion, and the expression of his countenance and eyes was probably more intelligent than that of his sister. The powers of his mind, too, were unquestionably of a higher order than those of any of the other members of the family. Possessed of a sound judgment, a quick perception, and an ardent thirst for knowledge, he was enabled to outrival his companions in diligence and proficiency at school. Nor was this sedulous application merely occasional—it was steady, constant,

and unvaried. Add to all these qualities, too, what are not often their concomitants, the utmost generosity and warmth of heart—the most ardent attachment to his friends and companions—and the most unremitting attention to the duties and services of his God. But more than this;—Henry had not that sort of piety, whether sincere or hypocritical, but much oftener the latter, which proceeds more from the power of association, and tacit consent, than from individual research, and rational conviction. In a word, Henry did not simply acquiesce in the truth of the doctrines of religion, merely because they were the creed of his parents. He searched for, and examined the grounds of his faith for himself, and this he did in the most assiduous and dispassionate manner, although he was not, at the period I am now speaking of him, much more than twelve years old. Nor did he do this because he entertained any doubts of the truth of religion. Such thoughts never entered his head—they were merely the suggestion of a mind that

wished to be governed in its actions by the standards of judgment and reason.

It was with the utmost pleasure and delight that his father and I directed his attention to those subjects which he wished to be made master of. We did every thing to encourage and assist him in his desire to be made acquainted with the grounds upon which his faith rested. Though one of his years could not be expected to be more than a mere tyro in the elements of theology, yet he studied with success those works which treat of the internal and external evidences of Christianity. In this way, he made himself fully and intimately conversant with the doctrines and precepts of religion. Nor was the task difficult on our part—for though he constantly teased us with questions, yet, from his avidity to learn, and his peculiarly tenacious memory, he was never under the necessity of asking the same question twice. He had, besides, a note book, in which he carefully jotted down the leading heads of the information he received, which he would punctually con

over every evening before he retired to rest. It was in this manner, that Henry became truly religious; determined as he was to know the nature of all his actions, and the reasons which influenced him to engage in them; the obligations to duty became more powerful, and the earnestness and zeal which he evinced in its discharge, more faithful.

His piety was indeed a real piety, founded on a sure basis, and on deep rooted principles, which were calculated to maintain an unshaken possession of his mind; though the faith of those around him should accidentally waver, or though he might be placed in circumstances that might deprive him of their example, and the benefits of their counsel. Not like that system, which is but too frequently followed, of making young persons acquainted with the particular doctrines of Scripture, without lodging in their minds the grounds upon which their faith is required to be built. This is a piety which often does nothing more than merely conform to custom and habit, and

changes its intensity, or dies altogether away according to association and circumstances. It must be acknowledged, however, that this object cannot always be attained by ordinary capacities; for though undoubtedly much may be accomplished by judicious management, on the part of the guardians of youth, yet, where there is no native stimulus in the mind, it cannot be expected to be always attended with complete success. This was evident in Mr. Fitzroy's conduct towards Edward, during his boyhood; for though he laboured to convince him of the necessity of acting in the manner which Henry had afterwards, in a great measure of his own accord, wished to act, yet their effects did not appear so conspicuous in his conduct, as they had subsequently done in his brother's, because the former was destitute of that power of understanding, and that intensity of application which the other so vigorously possessed.

Such was the character of Mr. Fitzroy's family. The circle of their acquaintance

was small and select. Their rank was neither to high nor too low for their station. But though they endeavoured to preserve a happy mediocrity between the two extremes, yet their income was but barely sufficient to supply their wants. Not that they were in the least degree extravagant, or injudicious in the application of it; but they somewhat improperly, however, allowed those benevolent feelings, of which their natures so largely partook, to give to those who were in need, more than their means could properly afford; and this, together with their resolution of giving their children the best education, could not but embrace the whole extent of their income.

In what I have already said, I have probably stepped a little beyond my narrative; but as it is only essential that I should take a cursory glance of the juvenile days of Mr. Fitzroy's family, I shall merely say, with regard to Edward, that his father was advised, and he himself favoured the advice, to educate him for the office of the ministry. I ventured to expostulate with

the father against adopting this step; for no one had a better opportunity of studying and knowing the bent of his children's minds than I, as they had been all educated from their infancy under my own immediate tuition, and I had early discovered that Edward, though not altogether destitute of talent, that yet there was inherent in his nature, a peculiar thoughtlessness and unsteadiness of mind, which altogether, in my opinion, unfitted him for a profession where qualities diametrically opposite, were, according to my judgment, indispensably requisite. But not only this. The apathy and indifference which he manifested in the prosecution of his studies, while under my superintendence, convinced me that he might be unsuccessful in realizing the object of his wishes, after having gone through the laborious course of study which is prescribed for candidates of the church: depending, as he must do, in a great measure, on the acquisition of that popularity of character in his ministrations, which can only be attained by fervour of

piety, sedulous application, and a vigorous intellect. I suggested also, that if Edward were sent to a counting-room, where he would be closely confined, and actively employed, that it would be a much better occupation for him than the one he was destined to follow.

These hints I ventured to throw out to Mr. Fitzroy, and he seemed to listen to them with attention, as indeed he did to all my suggestions; for the closest intimacy, and the warmest friendship, subsisted between us: and I gave him farther to understand, that in my opinion, Henry would be much fitter than Edward for the office of the ministry; for though he was at this time but a mere child, I could perceive those indications of intellect which his after years fully realized. Though Mr. Fitzroy gave some heed to my opinion, yet his own had been too deeply rooted to induce him to relinquish it. My dear Mr. Emelton, he would say on these occasions, I know that it is in friendship that you give me your opinion of my children, and I thank

you for it. Edward, I know, is a dull and a thoughtless boy, though, I believe, not any way viciously inclined; but this, in my opinion, is the very reason why we should put him to a profession where assiduity will be required, and the latent powers of his mind called forth; and where, by becoming acquainted with the learned sciences, and more intimately conversant with the doctrines of religion, they will undoubtedly be the means of enlightening his mind and moulding his character better than it probably is at present. These were also the sentiments of his mother, and Dr. Ecclesfield, the parish minister, who was considered to be a discerning man. Henry, the father acknowledged, was certainly cleverer than Edward at his years; but the character of childhood would differ materially from that of manhood, and so, he hoped, would that of Edward's.

As might be expected, Edward was sent to college, and during the seven years he had been there, no great changes became apparent in his character and disposition

from what they had been in his younger years. It was true he was more learned, and, not unfrequently, more assuming in his manners than what he formerly was, though, in general, of a tolerably good-natured temper; but still the same heedless inert sort of being that he had ever been. His knowledge, indeed, of literature and theology was pretty considerable, for every justice and expense had been bestowed upon him, both while he was at college in winter, and while he continued at home in summer; but still he was destitute of that knowledge of mankind,—that manliness of character—that energy of mind—and that clever judicious tact of conducting himself, on all occasions, with perfect propriety;—qualities which were indispensably requisite for one who would expect to superintend successfully the moral and religious instructions of others, or arrive at any respectable eminence in the profession. In a word, Edward was licensed by the presbytery, and preached his first sermon in Dr. Eccles-field's church, which gave tolerable satisfac-

tion, probably more from the high esteem in which his father was held by the parish, and he being himself their own countryman, than from the real merits of the discourse, or the ability of the preacher. How he succeeded in other places, (for he preached in several of the churches belonging to the different members of presbytery,) I did not exactly learn.

His parents were not a little vain to have their son a preacher. Every attention was bestowed upon him, and all his wants were abundantly supplied. He had now been licensed for twelve months, and had passed the time in visiting, and preaching occasionally, for some of the neighbouring brethren; but there was yet no appearance of a church for the young preacher.

It was about this time that Mr. Fitzroy renewed an application that he had formerly made to his constituent, Mr. Durham, in favour of his son. That gentleman, though possessed of little piety himself, was much disposed to favour the views of the son of his much-respected factor; but as he had

extremely little interest with patrons, except the patron of the parish, he was afraid that he might not soon be successful, but he told Mr. Fitzroy to tell his son "to live in hope—that some opening might soon appear—that he had a high opinion of his son—he was a fine lad—never preached long sermons—and never urged those high-flown doctrines which sectaries and methodists made so much noise about. Had you asked me, Mr. Fitzroy," continued the old gentleman, "for a post in the army or navy, I could have obtained either of these at once; but kirks!—I never had much interest in kirks all my lifetime."

At this proposal Mr. Fitzroy took the opportunity of mentioning that he had another son who might probably accept of either of these situations. "That," answered Mr. Durham, "is your son, Henry—an excellent boy, and a capital soldier or sailor he would make—communicate the proposal to him, and advise him to accept of it."

No particular line of life had been chalked out for Henry, who was yet not much

more than fourteen years of age, nor had he yet contemplated himself what his future occupation was likely to be. He received the intelligence somewhat thoughtfully. "My dear Henry," said the father, "although I have communicated to you Mr. Durham's offer, I do not urge you to accept it. You are free to follow any profession you may incline to." "But father," said Henry, "do you wish me not to accept of it?" "I would not be understood," said the indulgent father, "as wishing you to accept or reject it. Our naval establishment is certainly laudable and honourable, when it operates in a good cause." "That," said Henry, with his usual firmness and decision of mind, "is sufficient. If you did not wish me to accept of it, you would say so at once—you approve of it, and I accept, with gratitude, Mr. Durham's offer." "But my dear Henry," said the father, "are you sensible that it is a perilous situation." "Every situation," answered Henry, with his accustomed quickness, "is probably perilous, but when it

is a necessary and an honourable service, it would be cowardice to abstain from engaging in it; especially when the situation has been offered to my acceptance." "But, my dear boy, while I admire your spirit, I would wish also to remind you, that it is a situation that is perilous in more respects than one. You will be introduced into a society, widely different from that in which you have been accustomed to live: —you will have to mix with associates, whose modes of life are different—whose tempers and dispositions may be the reverse of those with whom you have been accustomed to walk, and whose morals and principles may be altogether corrupted and depraved. Now, Henry, although you are possessed of prudence and firmness, will you not be apprehensive that you may fall a prey to the many insidious allurements with which you will be surrounded—to bad example—to corrupt maxims, and evil conversation." "I am aware, my dear father, that I will meet with these temptations, when I leave this blessed home to enter on

the business of life; and, probably, there is no place where they are so numerous as in the navy: for both army and navy I have heard too often characterized for scenes of wickedness and profanity. But, father," continued he, "it is only in such places that the strength and sincerity of our virtue can be estimated, and we know that if we continue to put our trust in God, he will not forsake us. I trust that the principles of piety which you have implanted in my mind, are too strong ever to be eradicated; and that my rules of religious duty have been too long acted upon, ever to be forgotten. Pray for me, father, (continued Henry,) while the tears glistened in his eyes, that I may be kept steadfast in the faith, and that I may never swerve from my Christian duties." His Father clasped his hand affectionately, and pressed his beloved son to his heart.

Mrs. Fitzroy did not view Henry's new appointment with much satisfaction. The dangers and temptations which were peculiarly connected with that line of life, made

her apprehensive for the safety and well-being of her beloved son; but when she saw that her husband made no opposition to it, and when she considered that their slender income was insufficient to keep their family long at home, she quietly acquiesced. As for Edward he thought little or nothing about it. Indeed, though he was always agreeable to his brother, they never conversed much, nor were often together; he was always so much engaged, or at least pretended to be engaged, in reading or in study. Nor was Henry himself wanting in affection to his brother. He saw, from the unwearied attention of his parents to his comfort and to the supply of all his brother's wants, that they looked upon him with respect, and on his profession with a degree of reverence which it would be indecorous in him not to manifest likewise. Although he was not so apt as they were to construe the real thoughtlessness of his disposition into a sort of absence of mind, which was said to be peculiar to all studious persons, yet he did bear towards his bro-

ther, though they were not often expressed, sentiments of sincere affection and respect. On the present occasion, Edward looked on the approaching departure of his brother with apparent indifference, and merely said, on one or two occasions, in a sort of jocose way, " that Henry must fight courageously—that he would look well in his naval uniform—that he hoped he would soon be a commander," and some such expressions as these; which Henry listened to with a good-natured smile.

Your time will not permit me to dwell any longer on this part of the narrative, and therefore I can merely say, that, shortly after this, Henry shipped off for London, amidst the regrets and sorrows of his friends and acquaintances. They were, however, somewhat consoled at this time for Henry's departure, by the return of his sister, who had been for more than a year at a boarding-school in the metropolis. It was with pleasure that Philia found herself once more in her dear home, and among the woods and vallies of Glenamon. Her

principles and manners were materially improved; but she was still the same in good nature, and extreme amiableness of disposition. A few weeks brought a letter from Henry, mentioning that, agreeably to Mr. Durham's recommendation, Captain Norton had appointed him to the situation of midshipman; that this gentleman was exceedingly kind to him; and that, although his new line of life, and the manners of his associates, were rather strange to him, he expected that a short time would make him quite satisfied with his situation. The ship was shortly to sail for India, and he would write his next letter immediately on his arrival, or sooner, if a favourable opportunity should occur.

It was now eight months since Henry's departure, and nothing particular had occurred in the history of the family at Glenamon. Edward was still hanging about the family; but no prospect of a living had as yet come within his view. He did not seem to murmur at not being successful in the clerical profession; but continued, to use

Mr. Durham's expression, to "live in hope," and to anticipate, with feelings of much self-complacency, the arrival of that happy day that was to bless him with a church. There were times, too, that he did not fail to evince some indications of generous feeling. When he "procured a church he was to make sister Philia house-keeper—to settle fifty pounds per annum on his father during lifetime—and that if Henry was successful, he would perhaps be able to settle upon him the same sum, and that he might then be quite independent of his present employment, and that in short it would be his object and delight to make them all happy when he got his manse."

Whether these sentiments were disinterested and sincere, or were merely the momentary impulse of a feeling of gratitude for the warm, affection, and incessant kindness which his parents continued to manifest towards him, his subsequent history will determine.

The father seemed to be much pleased with these expressions of gratitude on the

part of his son. "Edward," he would say, "I like to hear you express yourself in this manner, but I trust that as long as I enjoy health I will be able to live independent of my children's aid. If any thing, however, should happen to me, it is upon you alone that your mother and sister must look for support. My situation was not one that enabled me to save money. I have endeavoured always to support a genteel rank, and to give my children a good education. My dear Henry never got so much justice as you, nor cost me so much money. Your books and college education, Edward, were little short of six hundred pounds; and your mother and sister would certainly have reason to expect much kindness from you, not to speak of the debt of gratitude you owe them for the great attention they have uniformly shown you. It is not with the view of convincing you that you are under any deep obligations to me, that I mention these things. What I have done to you, and what I have expended in your education, was no more than

I conceived to be my duty; and if you succeed in getting a church, and be faithful in your calling, I would not consider what has been awarded upon you, and the time you have already spent, misapplied. But," continued the good-natured father, in a sort of admonitory style, "I would wish, Edward, that you would be cleverer and more active than I think you sometimes are; and particularly that you would show more fervour and seriousness in your preaching than you probably sometimes do. It is a great and an honourable office, that of being a minister of the Gospel; and, therefore, highly imperative on you to call into exercise all the powers that you possess, in the discharge of its important functions. It would, indeed, be an awful thing for any one of your calling to be lukewarm, or remiss in the sacred duties of such a noble profession. I expect better things of you, my son, and, I trust, that providence, who has so long prospered your father, will also prosper you, and enable you, by his Holy

Spirit, to be faithful in his cause, and to be a successful labourer in his vineyard."

Edward seemed to listen to his father with some degree of seriousness, and to appear rather thoughtful. But though he occasionally manifested some good moral feeling, and was rarely apt to get ill-natured or displeased with the admonition of a friend, yet the impressions which were produced in this way, took such a very slight hold of his mind, that they were often no sooner made than forgotten: and which could only be accounted for, from the habitual thoughtlessness and unsteadiness of his nature.

A circumstance, however, of a very material description, occurred about this time, which brought his character and feelings a little to the test, and which made them certainly appear rather in a favourable light. Mr. Fitzroy had been long labouring under a severe attack of rheumatism, which had increased so much as to unnerve and paralyze his whole corporeal powers—to prevent him from leaving his room, and to render him altogether unable to discharge the duties of

his office. As my other avocations prevented me from giving a constant attendance to Mr. Fitzroy's business, it was suggested to him, that Edward might be capable of taking some superintendence of his father's concerns during his indisposition. The young preacher seemed also inclined to go in with the suggestion, and to do all in his power to assist his father. Though he had not the knowledge nor the tact of managing business like the latter, yet he supplied these requisites in a great measure by his diligence and attention to the duties of the situation, and by the anxiety which he seemed to evince of getting the business properly executed. His conduct, in this instance, was certainly meritorious; from what motive it proceeded, I shall not venture to say; but it tended much to comfort and solace the father under his trouble—that his son was able to supply his place in the management of his official duties.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Fitzroy had been six months confined to his house, and unable to attend to business, during which period he had experienced little or no abatement of his complaint; but seemed rather to increase in pain, and to produce greater debility. His physicians recommended him to try the efficacy of the Bristol waters during the ensuing summer; a recommendation which he determined to comply with. As it was necessary, however, that some one should have a special power of factory during his absence, Mr. Durham, at Mr. Fitzroy's request, agreed to grant to him and his son a joint commission of agency, in order that any one of them might have full power to act. This having been procured, Mr. Fitzroy felt his mind considerably released, particularly as Edward seemed disposed to bestow every attention on the duties of the situation.

The following day was fixed for the jour-

ney—Mrs. Fitzroy was to accompany her husband,—Philia was to remain at home with her brother, and I was to give him every assistance that lay in my power.

The night previous to their departure, however, was destined to bring them news of considerable interest and importance regarding Henry, which tended both to agitate and console their minds. The first was a letter from Captain Norton, which ran, so far as my memory serves me, in these terms:—

"My dear Sir—I embrace this opportunity of writing you, to assure you of the high regard and esteem I bear to your son. He is one of the most excellent young men that has ever fallen into my company. He has endeared himself to all on board, and I am happy to find that not a few have been induced to imitate many of his excellent qualities. In battle he is as steady, cool, and intrepid, as he is on other occasions modest, amiable, and mild. We have lately had occasion for much courage and exertion in our late attempt to reduce one

of the enemies fortresses, and on this occasion the skill and bravery of your son was pre-eminent. In this affair, I regret to say, he was slightly wounded in the arm, but is now almost completely recovered. Believe me, Sir, that while I continue to live, your Henry shall not be without a friend; and I trust that you may be long preserved to enjoy the comfort and blessing of having such a son."

There was also another from Henry himself, which was in substance—that he was contented with his situation; that he endeavoured to do his duty faithfully; and that he was satisfied, upon the whole, with the conduct of his associates. He expressed himself highly gratified and pleased with the courtesy and kindness which were manifested towards him by Captain Norton, and bestowed a high eulogium on his amiable and excellent dispositions. Alluding to the engagement in which he had taken a part, he expressed himself in these terms:—"War is the most direful work in which mortals can be engaged. What a tremendous

scene of havoc and destruction does it produce!—What awful wickedness must those have to answer for, who can wantonly and capriciously spread death and desolation among their fellow-beings? And however honourable and noble it is to expose one's life in a just cause—in resisting the encroachments of despotism and ambition, and crushing cruelty and oppression—yet it is painful and distressing to a feeling mind, to think he should be the instrument of hurrying beings out of the world, who probably, in many instances, know not what they are doing. But war is certainly one of those evils to which, in this sinful world, we must submit; and, when it is just and necessary, every true patriot is bound, without reserve, to put forth his best efforts to resist and subdue it. It is under the influence of these impressions that I am satisfied with my present line of life, however opposite it is to the calm and peaceful manner in which I have been brought up. I hope, my dear father, that though far removed from you, and in different society, that I shall never

forget the good instructions which you instilled into my mind. In our late action, I got a remarkable lesson how closely my Bible and I should be allied. The small pocket-bible which my mother gave me, when I left her, I carry always with me. In the midst of our late engagement, I had been obliged, by some accident or other, to take it out of my pocket and throw it into my breast; it was scarcely lodged there, when I was struck on the very place where it lay with a musket-ball, but which coming against this blessed book, the otherwise fatal messenger took a slanting direction, and slightly wounded the upper part of my right arm. Whether this was mere accident, or a providential escape, I leave you to determine." The rest of the letter concluded with hoping that his father and mother and all the family were happy, and in the enjoyment of good health.

This agreeable intelligence excited in the minds of his worthy parents many pleasing and grateful reflections. It tended considerably to cheer the prospect of their de-

parture; and they left home next morning in better spirits than they would probably otherwise have done.

We were now left alone, and for a month after their departure, things went on in the usual way,—Edward and I were bestowing every attention to the duties of his father's office, and Philia was unremittingly attentive to her domestic concerns, and to the comforts of her brother. Every thing, in short, had been going on very well during that period, when an occurrence took place which was destined to effect a material change in our condition, and to be the precursor of events of the most serious moment. This was the death of our constituent, Mr. Durham—it was sudden and unexpected—only after a few hours illness. Having no children of his own, his estates came to be heired by his nephew, Mr. Elliot Durham. This young gentleman, who was quite a metropolitan in fashion and dissipation, came down immediately and took possession of the property. He was possessed of a considerable lairdship besides this one, and

his residence was chiefly in London. Upon his arrival at Glenamon Castle, (which will be distinguished from Mr. Fitzroy's residence, though the names are nearly synonymous—the latter being called *Glenamon House*,) Edward, as representing his father, immediately waited upon him, and stated the cause of his absence.

The young proprietor knew nothing of Mr. Fitzroy, for he had only been at Glenamon but once in his lifetime, and that during his boyhood; and had, of course, never thought proper to inquire into the merits of his uncle's factor. He felt no disposition, therefore, on the present occasion, to look on any other than Edward as his sole agent, and, accordingly, treated with him as such. Edward had, indeed, a claim on his regard which few persons in his situation rarely possessed—he was a scholar—so was Mr. Durham, and from the congeniality of their minds, in this respect, he was shown more attention and deference than he would probably otherwise have received.

Mr. Durham's stay at Glenamon was

limited to a week, and the time was passed in every kind of festivity. Not being acquainted with any of the neighbouring proprietors, he had sufficiently provided against the want of society by bringing along with him a company of his own, both male and female. Splendid entertainments were given at the castle every day, and to all of these the interim factor was invited.

Edward was not a little elated with Mr. Durham's courteous behaviour towards him; but I feared that it was rather a precarious situation for one of his description to be placed in, and that he wanted prudence and ingenuity to come respectably out of it. I ventured to throw out some hints to him on the subject, but the only answer that I received was in his usual style of speaking, when any one doubted his propriety of conduct, "that I need not be uneasy—that he knew very well how to act."

I had never yet spoken to Mr. Durham myself. Once or twice I had seen him on horseback, and from what I could judge of his general appearance on these occa-

sions, it was not by any means favourable. I could perceive that he was not without shrewdness and discernment, qualities which the most dissipated and abandoned often possess in the highest degree. How he conducted himself in company I could not say, but if I could credit Edward's opinion, who was high in his praises, he was one of the most polite and affable men in the world, and his company and conversation were the most engaging that he had ever witnessed—who, by the way, had seen very little society, and had been but seldom in the company of the great. With the female branch of the party, Edward seemed to be in raptures—he characterized them as extremely handsome and beautiful, and the most elegant and accomplished that he had ever beheld.

Be careful Edward, said I, that you act properly in such society. I suspect that Mr. Durham is not endowed with very strict principles of morality, or possessed of much pious feeling; but from what I have seen of him, I can perceive that he is a

person of discernment, and knows the world. Were it not that your business must lead you into his company, I would not have you to cultivate his society much. Do not be uplifted with his kindness, nor ready to form too decided an opinion of the character of strangers; and do not suffer the pleasures of the festive board to impair any of those thoughts and feelings which one of your character ought ever to keep alive, and which ought not only to be peculiarly cherished, when you act as representative of your father, but, also, in consideration of the relation in which you stand to this gentleman as his factor. I abhor duplicity. I admire an ingenuous disposition; but I condemn it when it approaches to childish simplicity. One cannot be too cautious in his communications with the men of the world. I do not wish you to act any way disrespectful to your father's constituent. That would be improper; but there is a judicious dignity of mind, and a manly tone of expression, which the humblest servant, when he is conscious of conducting the du-

ties of his office with integrity, can assume with effect towards his employer, and which is, in every respect, more satisfactory to the parties themselves, than the manifestation of any servile spirit of dependance, or any exhibition of those fluttered feelings of gratification and delight, which are too ready to be excited in the breast of the simpleton, or the mere novitiate in the laws of society; and, while they betray their victims with the delusive idea that all goes on well and prosperous, cannot fail, sooner or latter, to convince a philosophic mind, that they are just so many serious defects in the mental capacity of the agent.

Above all, Edward, be scrupulously cautious that your feelings and opinions are not any way excited or influenced by the high living, or revellous conduct of this youthful proprietor. Remember the lines of the poet:

> " Pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is fled;
> Or like the snow falls in the river,
> A moment white, then melts for ever—

Or, like the borealis' race,
That flit ere you can point its place—
Or, like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

I don't remember whether Edward laughed or looked serious at this precaution; but nothing farther was said.

I think it was the evening of the fifth day after Mr. Durham's arrival, that Philia observed to me, in rather an alarmed way, that she thought her brother Edward was last night in a dull and thoughtful mood; that she had inquired what was the cause of the change, but he would give no answer. "I am afraid, Mr. Emelton, that things are not right. I wish that my dear father was here, for I fear much that brother Edward will not conduct himself properly before this gentleman."

I told Philia that I had but a very humble concern in her father's affairs—that I had endeavoured to bestow every attention on his business—to give Edward every assistance in my power; and had ventured to caution him once or twice, about the conduct he ought to adopt before these people;

and I trusted that he would acquit himself as he ought. One thing, I said, was so far satisfactory, that the young proprietor seemed to be much attached to Edward; and they need be under no apprehension of his failing to renew the commission of factory to his father. This was the substance of what passed on this occasion.

Next day, however, fully showed that Philia's fears had not been without foundation—it was a day that was destined to unfold the direful consequences of his connection with Mr. Durham. I happened to observe to Edward, before going to dinner, that I thought he appeared to be in better dress to-day than usual. "So I ought," said he, with his usual blunt way of expressing himself, "for this is destined to be one of the most momentous days in my lifetime.

Aye, said I, somewhat struck with his words, what is to take place.

"I am to be married to night," said he, in a half rejoiced, half serious way, "I am to be married to-night Mr. Emelton."

Although the house had fallen at this moment about my ears, I could not have been more astounded than I was at this intelligence. Married to-night! I involuntarily exclaimed—take care, Edward, said I, with great seriousness, what you are about.

"One of my profession," replied he, very haughtily, "ought to know what he is about, independent of a schoolmaster's intrusive dictation."

One of your profession, answered I, without seeming to notice the rebuff, *ought*, indeed, *to know* his duty, better than I could inform him of it. But my age, Edward, and the circumstances which have so long connected me with your family, ought not to induce you to turn altogether a deaf ear to my counsel. I was your father's friend before you were brought into being. I have nursed you many a day in these arms. I have strolled with you, in your infant years, through these fields. I was the first who planted instruction in your youthful mind—who educated you in your boyhood—made you conversant

with the elements of general knowledge in your maturer years; and though you may now be far above me in scientific attainments, still you are not yet beyond me in experience: and I do think, Sir, that I have a right to tell you, that if it is really your intention to act on the declaration which you have just now made, you will, in all likelihood, have adopted a most rash and ruinous step.

"Stop, stop, Mr. Emelton," said he, somewhat mollified, for, indeed, he never indulged his anger long, "you know that I have great regard for you; but you express your opinion too hastily. I shall acquaint you with the way in which I have been led to this resolution, and have no doubt that you will approve of it; at least you will be convinced that it was unavoidable. You know, as well as I do, that before Mr. Durham's arrival, I was as little given to company, or courtship, as any person; and, I am sure, had as little thoughts of matrimony as any one; but since he came, my present temporary profession has neces-

sarily led me into his company, and I can assure you, Mr. Emelton, that I have seen a great deal of the world since I have been introduced into his society. Well, then, since I have got acquainted with him, he has been uncommonly kind and attentive to me; and, of late, has been rallying me much about getting a wife. He says that *he* is determined to marry in the course of a few months; and he declares that no young man should remain unmarried beyond twenty—that young fellows are apt to indulge too much in vicious gratifications, and to be exposed to temptations to which the married state would not subject them. Fitzroy, says he, (for so he always calls me, we are on such a familiar footing,) get you married as soon as you can, and depend on it, that you will be the better man. I told him that I had no thoughts of matrimony at present; and that although I had, I was not on such intimate terms with any female, as to induce me to ask her in marriage. Oh, says he, if that is all the difficulty, Fitzroy, we shall soon get over it. I shall get a

wife for you—my good fellow. What would you think of doffing your bonnet to my accomplished friend and relation the Young Widow. This, Mr. Emelton, you must understand, is a Mrs. Wyld, who had only been twelve months married when she lost her husband, who was an officer in the army. She is one of the party—probably a little older than myself, but the most spirited and intelligent woman that I have ever met with; and has shown a warm and affectionate attachment to me, since I became acquainted with her. Well, I thanked Mr. Durham for his kind offer, and told him, that I would be proud to be connected with his family, but that I had a most fundamental objection to marrying at present; for that I was unprovided with a living. Oh, says he, that difficulty may also be easily obviated. I shall use my best endeavours to get you a living of some kind or another, and, in the mean time, I shall give you full authority to act as my factor, with an addition of twenty pounds to your salary. Oh, but Mr. Durham, said I, that

is my father's situation, and it would be improper for me to deprive him of it. I don't know your father, said he, I understand that he is an excellent man. There is no danger, however, as the saying is, but what you will work amicably to one another's hands in the meantime. There is no doubt, as the saying is, that whatever is the son's will be the father's, and whatever is the father's will be the son's. Thus constrained, what could I do, Mr. Emelton, but accede to his wishes: a refusal might have given much offence, and been productive of the worst consequences. I accordingly expressed my approbation of Mr. Durham's arrangement—he undertook the task of communicating my sentiments to the lady, with whom I had, yesterday, a long interview; and it has been decided that the marriage shall take place this evening, as Mr. Durham and the others go off to-morrow morning."

My suspicions, which were before but partially excited, were now sufficiently confirmed. I saw the true secret of the lady's

relationship to Mr. Durham, and his anxiety to have her disposed of, and out of his hands, before his own marriage took place. Edward, said I, and I could scarcely restrain the tears from bursting from my eyes while I addressed him, you are ruined!—and you have ruined your father and his family! Mr. Durham has completely cajoled you—you have been his dupe—you have conducted yourself like a perfect simpleton. What a foolish man you have been—what a disgraceful part you have acted towards your tender father—how basely have you acquitted yourself in the trust with which you were invested!—usurp his situation—marry, I much fear, a profligate. I shall say nothing more; may God forgive you, and pity your poor parents. But, if it is not too late, and it may not yet be too late to recede, rid yourself immediately of this rash and dishonourable alliance. If there is the least spark of gratitude in your heart—if there is any feeling of filial affection in your breast—if you have ever cherished any sentiments of duty to your parents,

or duty to your God, I conjure you, from the bottom of my heart, to be instantly off with this engagement.

I had scarcely the last sentence concluded, when he rushed out of my presence. What impression my words made, I could not say, but they were not destined, in the least degree, to affect the resolution to which he had come.

After he was gone, I went immediately to his sister. When I entered the room where she sat, I judged, from her melancholy thoughtful appearance, that she was not ignorant of what was likely to take place. I think you look sad, Philia—I said, as I entered. "So I think do you, Mr. Emelton," she answered. "Edward," continued she, with an evidently combined feeling of sorrow and surprise, "was telling me to-day that he had some thoughts of getting married to night!—but I suppose he was only joking." I hope so, said I, in a sort of careless way. "Then you know of it," said she. Yes; he and I had just now a long conversation about it. "But

you do not believe he is serious?" I hope he is not serious, I replied. "It appears," said she, "that young Mr. Durham has been very kind to Edward, when he has offered to him, in marriage, a relation of his own; a young lady who is very accomplished. I should like to see her." You may, perhaps, Philia, said I, see her soon enough. "No, Mr. Emelton," said the unsuspecting Philia, "I would much rather see my father and mother just now; I am surprised that they have not yet written us since they went away. I fear that the Bristol waters are not proving so efficacious to him, as he expected. How dull the house looks in their absence. I don't know why, but I have not been at all happy since they left us."

As I plainly saw that poor Philia did not credit the truth of her brother's expected marriage, and was utterly ignorant of the nature and the character of the person with whom the alliance was to be formed, I judged it prudent not to mention what had

passed between her brother and I, or my own suspicions on the subject.

My residence was in the village—about a mile from Mr. Fitzroy's house, and probably two from Glenamon Castle. It was generally between the hours of twelve and three, the intermission that occurred in my school hours, that I went to Mr. Fitzroy's. On my way over, at the usual time, on the following day, Philia came running towards me, apparently in great agitation, telling me that her brother Edward had not come home last night—that she had heard nothing of him; and was apprehensive that some accident had befallen him. When I heard this, I immediately concluded that his determination had been put into execution, and that Edward Fitzroy had been married the preceding evening to Widow Wyld. I was just about communicating my suspicions to Philia, when, lo! Mr. Edward Fitzroy and his lady were, at this moment, riding up towards the house; and not above sixty yards from where we stood. Philia looked amazed; and I not

less so. A cart, or waggon, almost immediately followed them; and which, I judged, contained the property of the lady. We hastened to the house, but they had dismounted ere we arrived. We entered the drawing-room, and beheld Mrs. Fitzroy reclining herself carelessly on the sofa, equipped in a sort of riding habit. Her appearance, upon the whole, bore strong indications of the lady, and of one who had seen much company. In stature, she was much below the ordinary size; of rather a squat form—the countenance plump and florid, with a set of little sharp black eyes, which looked, I thought, somewhat lowering beneath a pair of dark bushy eye-brows. I could gather, however, from the appearance of those visual organs, which are the only external index of the mental arcana, that, although her power of thought was deep, and her perceptions quick and lively, her dispositions were none of the most amiable kind. The occasional leering sarcastic turn of the eye, and the masculine expressions of the countenance, showed, that she

was one who would completely master her husband; and that her idea of her present situation was more a choice of necessity, than one that was perfectly consonant to her wishes. There was also a loftiness in her look, which convinced me that her notions were none of the humblest sort; and a penetrating shrewdness in her glance, which told me that she was a woman extremely well versant in the arts that were necessary to attain her object, and that she would not speedily permit any infringement on her legitimate rights: nor did her conversation deceive me in these simple observations of her physiognomy. "And so husband," she said, yawning at the same time, "this is your princely mansion."

"Yes, dear," said the honest Edward, "I am sure you admire it."

"Yes, my dear," answered his spouse, "it is something like yourself—plain and simple."

It was at this moment that Philia and I entered. Edward, I thought, changed colour, and looked a little awkward when he

observed us. He speedily, however, introduced us to his lady. "This, dear, is my sister Philia, and this is one of my father's most intimate and faithful friends, Mr. Emelton." To me she made only a cold silent bow, but she seemed to eye Philia more attentively. Without rising from her seat, she gave Philia her hand, or rather the fingers, for it was every thing but a cordial shake of the hand. "Dear sister-in-law," she said, with a kind of waggish flippancy, "your brother has brought me here to teach you London manners."

Philia, who was all the while so confused, as scarcely to credit her senses that it was really her brother's wife that she saw in her father's house, scarcely knew what to say, or how to act. She instinctively, however, made a slight declension of her head, to the address of her sister-in-law.

"Husband, your sister is a good-looking girl, but she wants genteel brass in her countenance. She has not seen company."

"No, my dear," said Edward, "we never

accustom ourselves to much company in this place."

"Sweet patience, dear!" exclaimed his faithful spouse, "we must have company every day, or I shall die with ennui, or leave you in a pet. But I know you are too good hearted a soul, my dear, as Mr. Durham would say, to deny me that. Poor souls, they are now many miles off, and have left me alone, in this dreary part of the world, to try my fortune."

"I hope, my dear," said Edward, "that you do not feel yourself unhappy already."

"No, no, my dear, but I feel dull after leaving our friends. Come, sister-in-law, show me the outs and inns of this house."

Philia accordingly proceeded to conduct her through the several apartments, and showed her the principal things; but they did not seem to be altogether to her ladyship's satisfaction. "Great goodness! what strange looking things are in this house. How old and antiquated the furniture is." These, and some such similar observations, were the only remarks that she made on

viewing the different things in the house. Having seen all that was to be seen, the next demand that she thought proper to make, was possession of the house keys. This was the first thing that recalled Philia to her senses, and to self-possession. "The keys, ma'am," exclaimed Philia with surprise——

"Yes child, the keys; I am lady of this house now, and it is your duty, sister-in-law, to resign the keys to your brother's wife. You know that you can now only be regarded here but as a visitor."

"This house, ma'am," said Philia, with the greatest mildness, "is not my brother's —it is my father's; it was my mother who intrusted me with the keys, and to her I must return them. But if you wish the key of any particular repository for your own articles, you shall have it; but I can, upon no account, part with the keys."

Here was now a striking specimen of the modesty and good temper of Edward's lady. "Insolent girl," she exclaimed, her eyes flashing fire, "dare you use your

brother's wife in that manner! This house is my husband's; and you and your father may take away your rotten furniture." And so saying, snapped the keys from Philia's hand. At this moment, Edward entered the room, when his lady immediately changed countenance, and burst into a hearty fit of laughter. "Sister-in-law and I, husband," she said, with the most perfectly dissembled good humour, "have been sparring. I had no conception that she was such an unkind creature."

I had, in the mean time, stepped into the office, and in a short time, Philia entered, with streaming eyes; but I was too much affected myself to give her consolation. I mentioned, however, that her most prudent plan would be, to endeavour to put up with things the best way she could, and that they might probably yet turn out for the best. Philia expressed her willingness to do every thing in her power to please her; but she feared much, that although Edward had got a great lady, that she was one that his family could not

put up with. Alas! poor Philia did not discern my ideas of this lady, and never dreamed of her real character.

As a visitor, poor Philia was certainly treated by her sister-in-law; for she ordered and commanded every thing, and her husband passively and unfeelingly submitted to all her doings. Nor was Philia any way harshly used; on the contrary, she was treated with every respect, but had no authority whatever in the house, nor was even informed or consulted as to their plans. New furniture had been ordered, and every thing costly and magnificent was procured, and her husband thoughtlessly saw his wife involving him in debt, which he knew he would never be able to discharge. But this was not all the extravagance; she prevailed with her husband to introduce her to the neighbouring families—to invite them to dinner, and to cherish their acquaintance. In this way, time was consumed in continual rounds of visiting and receiving visits; in attending parties, and treating parties. With the fashionable people of the place Mrs.

Edward Fitzroy was regarded as a most fashionable, elegant, and accomplished woman, and her society, on these accounts, was considered to be valuable. It is almost needless to say, that Philia never accompanied her to any party abroad, and hardly ever was present at any party at home, and the reason assigned by her brother's lady for this was, that she had not those toilet fineries which were indispensable to her appearing with advantage before high company.

Such were the events that had taken place since Mr. Fitzroy's departure. Ah! poor man, little did he imagine, that during his four months absence, such things had been going on—that the sun of his domestic happiness had sunk to rise no more; and that the evening of his days was to be clouded with the gloom of the deepest night. It is proper to observe, that during the period of his absence, two letters had come from him, the one stating that he had experienced no salutary effects from his late change, and the other expressing his surprise that he

had received no accounts from Glenamon. This latter much astonished Philia, for she had long understood, that her brother had informed her father particularly of all that had taken place. He had, in fact, acquainted him with the death of Mr. Durham—the succession of the heir, and the renewal of the commission of factory; but he had thought proper, from what motives he knows best, to conceal his marriage. This letter, it would appear, had not reached him at the date of Mr. Fitzroy's last one.

It was one evening shortly after this, and on an occasion when there was a numerous and splendid party at dinner in her brother's house, that Philia was sitting in her room, writing a long letter to her parents, informing them of what had taken place, since they had left home; for she had now began to suspect, that Edward had not made a faithful communication to his father of what he had done. She was thus quietly occupied in her own apartment, and the festivities of the party that were assembled above, were loud and revelrous, when her

ears were arrested by the noise of a waggon, or some such vehicle, that was apparently stopping at the outer door. Not anticipating, or, perhaps, caring who it contained, she went thoughtlessly towards the window to give a glance what it was, when, to her inexpressible surprise and joy, she saw her parents quietly sitting in it. She flew instantly down to them, and was, in a moment, folded in their arms. "My dear parents," she said, and burst into tears.

Mr. Fitzroy's complaint, instead of having diminished, had become more violent, and he was unable to walk, but with the assistance of a crutch. Mrs. Fitzroy herself too, appeared fainter, and much weaker than she was when she left home; and this had arisen from the trouble and anxiety which her attendance upon her husband had necessarily produced. "Philia, my dear," said Mr. Fitzroy, as he looked at her, and into the house, "what has happened? You look sorrowful, and methinks the house is strangely altered from what it was when I

left it. If the interior corresponds with the appearance of the vestibule, you must have got it stored with very splendid furniture. Why are these lacqueys and liverymen running about? What noise is up stairs? Speak, Philia—where is Edward, and what is he doing?"

"Oh my dear father!" said Philia, sorrowfully; "this, you know, is all owing to Edward's marriage."

"Edward's marriage!" exclaimed both parents, with the utmost amazement.

At this moment the lady herself, arrayed in her gayest habiliments, appeared in the passage. Philia mentioned that these were her parents; but so much was she occupied, running from one place to another, issuing orders, and giving directions, that the announcement was made two or three times before she gave heed to it. As soon, however, as she came to understand who they were, she knitted her brows, and, in a tone of great displeasure, she exclaimed, "and are the old people arrived;"

and this was the only welcome, or mark of recognition, that she thought proper to use towards them.

The venerable parents seemed, as they well might, utterly confounded at meeting with such a reception at their own doors. They gazed with perplexed astonishment on the person who thus seemed to have usurped the government of their home, and who had dared to address them in such impudent language. Instinctively, however, they walked into the house, and were led by Philia into her apartment. They were scarcely a minute there when the lady entered. "My good people," said she, in a more persuasive tone, "I fear that I shall not be able to give you accommodation to-night; I shall have to provide for so much company; I had no conception that you were to come upon us so unexpectedly."

"Lady," answered Mr. Fitzroy, with his accustomed mildness of speech, but yet with a heart wringing with a strong conviction of filial disobedience, and base ingratitude, (for it was too amiable to cherish

any of the harsher passions, such as resentment or indignation, which would have been the most natural on such an occasion,) "Lady," said Mr. Fitzroy, "I left this house about five months ago in charge of my son, and if he has been the occasion of those changes which appear to have taken place since our departure, he has acted the part of an undutiful child—a part that I never thought any of my family would be capable of acting. But, at all events, he has no right to assume the entire superintendence of this house. I must still recognize it as my own property, and shall therefore exercise my liberty to act as I think proper."

These words were uttered by Mr. Fitzroy with much confusion; for the man was so astounded as scarcely to know what he was about. Nothing, however, could exceed the lady's rage on hearing this. She stamped her feet on the ground in great wrath. "Insolent people," she said, "have you the audacity thus to insult me in my own house. Am I to be perpetually

tenped and troubled with my husband's friends—not only troubled, but actually insulted. Unfortunate woman that I am, to have ever united myself to such low-born vulgar people." Here she pretended to cry. "Instantly tell your master," addressing one of the servants, "to come down stairs immediately."

Flushed with wine Edward immediately obeyed the summons of his beloved spouse, and was soon in their presence. He seemed to startle a little when he observed his parents, for he had been ignorant of their arrival; but he soon recovered himself. The influence of example, on the imitative powers of human nature, is so universally admitted, that it is needless to dwell upon it. Undoubtedly had Edward continued in the same circumstances in which his father had left him, although possessed of a heart that never warmed with generous love to any one, and that seemed to be callously steeled against the best sympathies of his nature, yet there would have been little danger of any abatement of that respect for his parents which

custom had converted into a sort of habit, and which circumstances had never occurred to interrupt. But circumstances had now taken place, which rendered him independent of the aid of others; that had introduced him into a sphere of intimacy, and society different from what he had been accustomed to, and probably, more engaging than the latter—at all events, possessing qualities which were calculated to operate more forcibly upon his mind than the other; and thus, while former tolerably good dispositions were gradually disappearing, others of a less felicitous nature were rapidly supplying their place. It is true, that had his mind been so formed as to render him capable of vigorously weighing his actions by the standard of reason and rectitude, he could not possibly have permitted outward circumstances and external associations to have any way unduly influenced his mind, however seared it had previously been, to those instinctive principles of moral duty which, one would have thought, from the nature of his education, would have been

peculiarly strengthened in his breast. But his character has already been too minutely delineated to make his present conduct appear any way strange or unreasonable, though those other causes had not been mentioned.

Well, as he entered, the first thing that struck his notice was the situation of his wife, who was now indulging herself in all the bitterness of well-dissembled weeping. "What is the matter, my dear?" said he.

"What is the matter;" echoed she, "why these old people have insulted and abused me."

"Why father," said Edward, very warmly, "have you done so: my wife is a woman of superior rank, and ought to meet with deference and respect from her husband's friends." And these were his first words to his parents!

To say that the father seemed amazed and disconcerted would be to say little. He cast his eyes, which were expressive of the deepest feelings of wonder and grief, upon his daughter-in-law, then upon his son,

and latterly, covered them with both his hands—his heart bursting with subdued sobs, which evidently cherished a sentiment, (though it did not utter the expression,) similar to that of the illustrious Roman in the Capitol, when he felt the steel of his dearest friend piercing his heart, "*Et tu Brute.*" Yes, he had not only to meet the repulsive aspect of his daughter-in-law, but even that of his own son—*that* son for whom he had done so much, and who, if he was unconscious that he owed him any thing, could not but feel that he did not, at least, owe him ingratitude!

As for Mrs. Fitzroy she remained a silent spectator of the scene, or rather an unconscious spectator; for she appeared to be so much bewildered and astonished with what she saw, that she seemed to think that it was more a dream than a matter of sad reality. And Philia sat along with her, bathed in speechless tears.

This extraordinary interview was not destined to be of long duration. Without seeming to notice, or to care for the state

of mind into which he had brought his parents, he continued, "You see, father, that strange things have occurred since you went away. Your old employer is gone, and I have been under the necessity of entering into the marriage state, in order to secure his favour; and have got for my wife a *complete lady*. Now, it happens to-day that we have a party of ladies and gentlemen of the first rank about this place, at dinner, many of whom we must accommodate for the night, and Mrs. Fitzroy finds that it will be impossible for her to provide accommodation for you, not expecting you to arrive at this time. If you will therefore have the goodness to lodge this evening with your friend Mr. Emelton, who has a very neat commodious house in the village, and who, I am sure, will be most happy to be of service to you"——

In the room where I sat, and where I had thought proper to remain all the while, I had partly seen and overheard what had taken place, though, for obvious reasons, I had refrained from disturbing them by my

presence; but when the appeal to my benevolence was made, by the unfeeling and ungrateful Edward, I could contain myself no longer, and burst immediately into the room: "Yes, my dearest friends, while I have a habitation you shall be sheltered, and my last crumb shall be shared with you." As soon as I had entered, and while I was thus expressing myself, Edward and his lady left the room, and went up stairs to the company, apparently with much satisfaction. "Mr. Fitzroy," continued I, "you are now indeed and in truth turned out of your own house; your son has proved faithless in your absence; he has acted most unworthily towards you, and, poor man! I fear he is fast bringing himself to ruin. May God pity and forgive him. You shall proceed to my house by the vehicle that brought you hither. Though you are deprived of your situation, and oppressed with trouble, while I am spared, and your dear Henry lives, you shall be provided for, and yet be happy." So saying, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy and Philia slowly followed me; the two former,

from their agitated minds and bewildered thoughts, seemed as if they were doubting the accuracy of their senses as to what they were about. But a short time soon made the sad realities of their situation demonstrably clear to their understandings, and excited feelings of the most poignant pain and deepest sorrow, which all my efforts were unable to appease.

CHAPTER III.

Two nights had now passed over the heads of my worthy friends in my humble abode, without any communication whatever having been made to them by their son and daughter-in-law. Though they had the intention to renew their visit, they wanted the ability. What with the fatigue of their journey, their previous indisposition, and subsequent occurrences, neither of them were able to move from their beds. I feared that my disclosure of what had taken place, for I disclosed unreservedly every particular of all that had happened since their departure, might have affected their minds. It certainly did affect them, but not one expression by way of upbraiding, or reproach, escaped their lips. They bore it all with that amiable feeling, and Christian piety, for which they were so eminently distinguished. The only words that I heard uttered on the subject, were

such as became a religious man, submitting calmly to the privations of adversity. "This, Mr. Emelton," would Mr. Fitzroy say, "has come upon us as a punishment for our sins, and it is our duty to bear it with patience; for "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." But my poor son is, I fear, thoughtlessly going to ruin. May the God of all mercy visit him by the benign influences of his Spirit, convince him of the error of his ways, and turn his footsteps into the paths of righteousness." Edward was still the object of his love, and still the subject of his morning and evening supplications at a throne of grace. Mrs. Fitzroy was also in the same pious resigned frame of mind; but she did not possess the same intellectual effort as her husband, to rise superior to such unnatural treatment. She was, at any rate, in a weakly frame; and the circumstances under which she found herself situated, preyed upon her vitals, and continuing to produce, to our great uneasiness, much bodily debility. Philia was most unremittingly attentive to

her parents, and I did my utmost to supply them with every comfort the house could afford.

Such was our condition, on the evening of the fifth day after their arrival; when, about eleven o'clock, as we were about to retire to rest, our ears were arrested by the sound of a rap at the outer door. I felt somewhat surprised, because it was unusual at my humble dwelling, at such an hour in the evening. Before, however, I introduce the stranger, I must lead you a few hours back, to give you a little of the history of one of our most favourite characters.

The sloop of war on which Henry Fitzroy was on board, had arrived in Plymouth, after two years absence from England, and Captain Norton had kindly granted him a months leave in order to visit his friends. Most cordially did Henry avail himself of this permission, and came down, as fast as vehicles could carry him, to the beloved abode of his parents. It was about seven o'clock, on the evening of

the day I have alluded to, that he set his feet on the quay of the neighbouring seaport town, which was about eight miles from the village. Though it was dusk when he landed, for it was the middle of October, he determined to be at Glenannon that night. Accordingly, having waited in town no longer than was necessary for giving directions concerning the conveyance of his luggage, he set out on foot towards his dear native home. Henry had never felt himself in a happier state of mind than on this occasion. He experienced all those delightful emotions, which one who has been for the first time for any length of period absent from his home. It is true, that Henry possessed that vigour of intellect, and that sedateness of mind, which one would have thought would have enabled him to view with philosophic chilness, those scenes that were endeared to him in early life. But, though he possessed the former in an eminent degree, he was altogether a stranger to the latter—his heart glowed with a warmth of love, and an ardency

of affection, which, instead of impairing in the least degree the powers of his soul, only tended to make them appear the more lovely: it cannot, therefore, be supposed, that one of his strength of mind, and intensity of feeling, could have approached those scenes which were connected with the dearest associations of childhood, without feeling all those emotions which they were peculiarly calculated to excite. But Henry did feel them. When he contemplated the length of time he had been absent from this beloved scene—the interminable distance that had separated him from the dearest objects of his affection—the vast expanse of ocean he had traversed, and the foreign lands in which he had been—the diversity of human character he had witnessed—the many perils and dangers through which he had escaped; and thought that he was now treading that ground, and viewing those objects which were so familiar to him in early life, and that ere one short hour had passed, he would have received the fond embrace of his dear parents,

he could not but feel the sweetest emotions of rapture and delight, and the nearer he approached did these feelings increase.

Even the mighty agents of nature seemed to cherish the fond delusion;—serene and calm was the evening, not a breath of wind disturbed the atmosphere, and not a cloud was suspended from the azure sky. Hitherto, he had been travelling for about three miles in the dark, but the great orb of night had now burst from his repose, diffusing his effulgent beams over the mighty vault of heaven—the neighbouring plains, and the surrounding landscape, which, together with the stillness of the evening, gave more than an ordinary beauty to the scene, and to every object he beheld. By this time he had ascended an eminence, which commanded a view of the plain below, and also of his father's house—and his emotions of delight were more than redoubled. He was just at a part of the road, where it was necessary that he should either continue the high-way, and pass through the village

to Glenamon, or strike off by a well-known footpath which lay along the banks of the river, at nearly the head of which his father's house stood. He chose to proceed by the latter way, and he hurried along with feelings of no ordinary delight—every leafless bush, every humble cottage, and every lonely park, reminded him strongly of past scenes, and he could not refrain from pausing occasionally to listen to the sweet murmurings of the dimpling stream —to gaze on the fine round polished pebbles that lay on its bed, and which were rendered transparent by the reflection of the moon on its surface—to view the well-known spot where oft, in former days, he had bathed his youthful limbs, and stemmed the current.

He was now but a quarter of a mile's walk from the place that gave him birth, and his eyes were constantly directed towards the white walls of his father's dwelling, with an expression of anxious delight. It was a humble building of two storys high, which lay upon the side of a glen, or valley—its

situation was rather lonely, for it lay at some distance from any other house; and though unobscured by trees, there was behind it, and immediately to the left, a large forest of wood, and before it a very considerable high ground, which rose perpendicularly from the bed of the valley. Henry had now come along the banks of the river until it winded into this glen, and stood immediately opposite to his father's house. He crossed a little rustic bridge which lay over the brook, and walked up the little avenue at a quick pace, his pulse vibrating with no ordinary emotion; he kept his eye steadily upon the house, and he thought he could discern some external alterations upon it since he last beheld it, but these he did not stop to notice. He was now at his father's abode; no one was without, but he heard from the sound of voices, that some were within. He passed the parlour window—the shutters were not closed, and the light exhibited to his view the figure of his brother, and another female, which could be no other than his

sister. Accidentally, the front door was open—so also was the parlour; he dashed in, and in a moment was in the middle of the parlour floor, before either of the two inmates had recognized him. "My dear Philia," he exclaimed in a transport of joy, and was just about to rush into her arms—when, Oh! dread reverse! the features, not of his beloved sister, but of a stranger, turned full upon his face—the language, not of kindness and joy, but of anger and alarm, struck his astonished ears, as she fiercely exclaimed, "Who are you, Sir?" Henry was transfixed to the spot, he looked awkward and abashed, and instinctively made a silent bow to her whom he had fondly mistaken to have been his dear Philia.

The lady, for it was no other than Mrs. Edward Fitzroy, who happened for this evening to be sitting alone with her husband in the parlour, had not observed Henry when he entered, and it was probably the sudden sound of an unknown voice which caused her to burst into this exclamation. Edward, who was on the

other side of the table during this strange scene, stood looking at his brother. "Edward!" exclaimed Henry, who had not yet recovered from his confusion—"Henry," quoth Edward—and they shook hands.

"This is my wife, Henry."

"Your wife, Edward!" echoed Henry.

Mrs. Fitzroy had now recovered from her surprise—she eyed Henry minutely, and though she had been but slightly informed of him, yet his appearance tended not a little to prepossess her in his favour. Though not beyond the state of boyhood in years, for he was little more than sixteen, there was an expression of intelligence in his countenance, which seemed to rise superior to the otherwise less imposing appearance of extreme youth. The symmetry of his person, and the extreme beauty of his countenance, I have already remarked. He had now become taller, since he had left home, and much stouter, though there were no indications of a robust constitution, for he was not naturally disposed

so. His features were flushed with a deeper vermilion, his eyes more vivid, and his voice more manly than it had been before—but no change of place, and no change of society, seemed in the least degree to have impaired the fine moral feelings of his nature, and the noble qualities of his soul. No wonder that Mrs. Fitzroy was struck with the lovely appearance of her brother-in-law, when contrasted with the somewhat inert demeanour of her husband, and scarcely to credit her senses that he was indeed the brother of Edward. She might indeed have recognized Henry from his close likeness to his sister, but being prejudiced against this amiable girl, she could not, under the influence of this feeling, be expected to own the resemblance—she saw at once that Henry was the flower of the family, and on this account she resolved to be kind to him. She gave him her hand, and seemed to make some sort of an apology for the surprise which his presence had excited.

By this time Henry had taken his seat,

but still he was confused and surprised. Edward married! thought he to himself. "But where, Edward," said Henry, "are my father and mother, and Philia?"

"Oh! brother-in-law," said Mrs. Fitzroy, "the old people have left us in a pet. They arrived from Bristol the other evening, on an occasion, too, when we had a great party, and because we could not accommodate them, they went off with that schoolmaster who comes occasionally to assist my husband."

Henry looked amazed, and turned towards his brother with a countenance expressive of the greatest surprise—"Yes, Henry," said Edward, "what Mrs. Fitzroy says is quite correct—strange alterations have taken place since you left. Mr. Durham is dead; and your father, in consequence of a severe attack of rheumatism, was unable to officiate any longer as factor, and I have been now called to fill that office."

Henry looked sad. "These are indeed melancholy tidings—my father unwell—left

this place in a pet!—That," said Henry, "is not true—my father is incapable of indulging such a childish feeling." Still Henry was sad and disconcerted. "There is something in this that I cannot unravel —I must go immediately to my parents."

He was prevailed on to remain and take some refreshment. He involuntarily stopped, but his heart was so full of sorrow, that it incapacitated him from swallowing a morsel. Edward seemed not to mind him, for he had resumed his reading. Mrs. Fitzroy insisted on his taking something, but he was so thoughtful, that he scarce knew what she said. "Why, midshipman," said she in a jocular tone, "do you seem so much absorbed in thought—a naval officer ought to be gay and cheerful —dont be thinking about these old people."

"My beloved parents!" said Henry, "shall ever be the chief subject of my thoughts, and the objects of my dearest concern; and I must be permitted to say, Madam, that I think it very unseemly in any relation, to talk of them in the light

manner in which you have been pleased to do."

"Oh, gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitzroy in a fit of laughter, "I had no conception that you were such a sentimental creature—that you were such an enthusiast in natural affection, as low people term it. We shall have nothing now but lectures on parental duty, moral feeling, and so forth—Oh, fie! for midshipman Fitzroy; to be indulging himself in such sentiments is altogether beneath the spirit of a British officer."

"If these are indeed your moral sentiments," said Henry with much feeling, "I am not surprised that my parents are not now in this place. Alas! I little expected when I came here to-night, that I was to hear and see such things."

"Upon my word, brother-in-law, I pity you from my heart. How sorry I am, that husband and I go off early to-morrow morning to the metropolis, and that we will be unable to accommodate you; for if you go among these old people, they will

fill you with such notions, as will altogether disqualify you for his majesty's service."

Henry rose up—he wished to speak, but his feelings were too intense to give him utterance. He bowed in silence, and hastily withdrew.

On his leaving the house, he heard his brother, who had been a careless spectator of what had passed, call after him, "To be sure to come back upon their return;" and his lady repeated the same expressions, but Henry returned no answer.

He now recrossed the bridge, but with very different feelings from what he had a little while before gone over it. He saw that some direful event had befallen his parents, the true cause of which he had in some measure been able to guess from what he had already seen. It was, indeed, with a heart full of sorrow, that he directed his steps towards the village; that he left that place, that a little before he approached with such ardent expectation. Ah! thought he, the happy days that I have spent in Glenamon, are now for ever gone. The

anticipations which I fondly cherished, of witnessing again the renewal of my felicity, are dashed to the ground. While surveying the different objects around him—the scenes of so many blest enjoyments, he could not refrain from expressing his sentiments in the words of the poet:—

Ah! happy hills—ah! pleasing shades!
Ah! fields beloved in vain—
Where once my childhood fondly strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.

But why do I say they are unhappy—my parents still live, and are in health—I shall yet be able to support them, and they will be happy. These feelings somewhat solaced his mind, and he approached my house with rather a lighter heart than he left Glenamon, and it was no other person than he who was now standing at the outer door.

It was with joy and grief, that I beheld and welcomed my young friend; with joy, when I thought that perhaps the blessed presence of this beloved son, might cheer the drooping spirits of his afflicted parents,

—and with grief, when I reflected, that he had visited the home of his father, at a time when it was in such a state of ruin and desolation. I saw, however, by the sadness of his countenance, that he was not altogether unacquainted with what had befallen them. Happy, Henry, am I to see you, and happy will your friends be; but I am heartfelt sorry, that after all the dangers you have undergone, you should come to a place where there is nothing but trouble and woe.

"I know what has happened," my dear Mr. Emelton, "I have been at Glenamon house, and the little I have seen there has been sufficient to realize all my suspicions. But," added he, with a benignant smile on his lips, "my father and mother are well, and I shall make them happy."

Alas! said I, they are far from being well.

Henry changed colour—but at this moment, Philia, having heard his voice, rushed from her apartment, and was now in his arms. "My dear, dear Henry," said the

affectionate sister, and smiling with joy, though the tears were glistening in her eyes, she led him in by the hand to the room where her father sat looking over his Bible, which was always his most favourite study every evening before retiring to rest; and here a scene took place, of mutual love and affection, which no language of mine could adequately describe. "Ah! Henry," said the father, "these are indeed altered days. You have seen your father in prosperity, but you now see him, in his old days, in trouble and adversity."

"No my dearest father, while I live you shall be provided for."

Mr. Fitzroy again pressed his son's hand. "I know the goodness of your heart, my dear Henry; but I hope the little I possess will serve me all my days. My poor wife!"

"My dear mother," said Henry, drawing the curtain from the bed.

Mrs. Fitzroy was in a sort of slumber; and, though her pulse was seemingly beating high, her countenance looked beautifully

tranquil and serene. But it was judged prudent not to awaken her at present.

"Your poor mother," continued Mr. Fitzroy, "is oppressed with trouble—her strength was too weak, to enable her to bear this calamity—she delighted in serving her family—how kind was she to Edward, though he has not requited her as a son ought to have done."

This was said by Mr. Fitzroy, not with the least vindictive feeling, but with his usual mildness, and in a manner that drew tears from Henry's eyes.

"We shall never be able to repay Mr. Emelton for the trouble we have occasioned him, and for the unwearied regard and attention he has shown us."

My dear Sir, said I, do not afflict me by mentioning these things. I have long considered myself as a member of your family—I have spent the best part of my life in your service—all our hearts are intwined in love and affection to each other, and I trust we are only happy in promoting each other's happiness.

Mr. Fitzroy gave me his hand, in a manner that made me conscious that he fully credited the sincerity of my expressions.

From a gentle movement in the bed, we discovered that Mrs. Fitzroy was awake. Since this excellent woman had entered my house, I saw, although it seemed to escape the observation of the others, that, unless a speedy change took place in the state of her constitution, that she was fast approaching the termination of her earthly sufferings. She was a woman of such extreme mildness of temper, and such urbanity of manners, that rendered her incapable of making her complaints known. The late scene at her son's house, had continued to make such an impression on her mind, that her strength was rapidly, though imperceptibly, declining. When Mr. Fitzroy saw that she was awake, he gently whispered into her ears, "Henry, my dear, is come." Mrs. Fitzroy began to open her eyes—they appeared dim—she attempted to raise her head, but the effort failed her, and she fell back. This apparent exhaustion somewhat alarmed

us, and showed greater bodily debility than we had yet witnessed. "My dear mother," said Henry, his eyes suffused with tears, "is this the state that I find you, after having been so far away from you, and so long separated from each other."

The sound of her Henry's voice, diffused over her countenance a smile of ineffable love—she held out her hand—Henry gently pressed it to his lips. "My dearest mother," he said, in the overflowing tenderness of his heart.

"Dear Henry, dear Henry," she uttered faintly, and apparently with the greatest effort.

Her eyes closed. She seemed as if she had again returned into a state of repose. For about five minutes, she continued to breathe hard; and one respiration more violent than the other, announced to the weeping spectators, that the brittle chain of life had snapped, and that her pure spirit had quitted its mortal abode, and winged its flight to those realms of bliss, where sorrow and sighing are never heard.

CHAPTER IV.

THE grief which this dispensation occasioned the survivors, is not to be described. The lamentations of the forlorn husband—the heart-rending cries of the affectionate Philia, and the smothered sobs of the amiable Henry, fully showed that their hearts were writhing with the bitterest sorrow.

It was not till next morning, that it was thought proper to send over to Edward, to acquaint him with his mother's death; but ere the messenger arrived, he and his lady had taken their departure. This calamity seemed to affect deeply the disconsolate husband. The funeral he was unable to attend, and it was left to Henry to do the last honours to his mother's remains. We were now indeed the most afflicted family. In the consolations of religion, we had indeed much comfort; but though they solace the soul, they cannot

speedily cure the wounds of the heart, or subdue that flame of heavenly feeling, which is the loveliest quality in the human constitution.

Such was our situation for more than a month. Though certainly unfortunate for Henry to visit his father on such an occasion as the present, yet, on the other hand, it was fortunate for the family that Henry was with them at such a crisis; for though his heart was as much wounded with the arrows of affliction as theirs, yet, from his superior understanding, he was probably better able to bear it with more philosophical calmness than they were, and to administer to their minds some rational comfort. But the state of his father's health, at this time, much alarmed him, as, indeed, it did all of us. Whether it was an incurable disease of the mind, arising from the loss of his beloved wife, or an aggravation of his complaint, resulting therefrom, I cannot tell; but from whatever cause it proceeded, it was evident that both were preying on his frame, with no common intensity. He

had been closely confined to bed ever since the death of Mrs. Fitzroy; his chief study was the Bible, and the only conversation in which he participated was with his family. At times indeed he became so weak that he was neither able to enjoy the one, nor engage in the other.

Mr. Edward Fitzroy and his lady, after four weeks' absence, had returned to Glenamron. They had been two days at home, without having thought proper to make any inquiries concerning the lamentable trial the family had sustained. If we were capable of being surprised at any of this individual's actions, we had certainly not a little reason to be astonished at this strange conduct. Mr. Fitzroy had heard of his son's arrival, but uttered no expressions with regard to the distance which he seemed to stand from the family. About this time, however, something of importance occurred, which cannot be passed over unnoticed.

One day as Henry was taking a solitary excursion through the fields, probably with

a view of contemplating the scenes of past joys and departed worth, he accidentally came in contact with his brother. Edward was in a cogitative mood, and Henry ascribed it to a deep concern for the death of his mother. But it was not so. Their eyes met—Edward appeared to feel disconcerted—Henry stood silent and serious. "You seem to be very melancholy, Henry."

"I have much occasion to be so, brother."

"I was very sorry to hear of my mother's death."

"So you ought," replied Henry, "but I would be inclined, brother, from the anomalous conduct which you have evinced towards your parents, to doubt the sincerity of your sorrow."

"Oh!" said Edward, evidently wishing to palliate a conduct which his conscience could not approve of, "my parents gave me much reason to be displeased with their behaviour."

"Your parents were incapable of causing you any just displeasure."

"It is nevertheless true; they did not evince any conciliating disposition towards my wife. She is a woman of a superior mind, and of superior accomplishments, and cannot be expected to go in with their humble notions, or to coincide with their narrow opinions; though they were undoubtedly people of honest dispositions, and good intentions."

"You did well, brother, to add the latter sentence; but I deny all that you have said. Your parents were not five minutes in your wife's company, and during that time, if I have been informed rightly, and I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of my information, their behaviour, and the expressions which they used on the occasion, were, in every respect, faultless, and just such as became persons placed suddenly in circumstances so unparalleled and extraordinary."

"You know," said the evasive Edward, "little of the matter. If you knew the noise that Mr. Emelton made about my marriage, and the unkindness of Philia,

when Mrs. Fitzroy came to take possession of the house, you would see more to blame in the conduct of the family, and less to censure in that of my wife."

"I know," said Henry, "that Mr. Emelton would give you nothing but a sound advice, and that my sister Philis is altogether incapable of being unkind, but I wont dispute with you on such trifles as these. If one, however, who is far your inferior in age, judgment, and education, might venture to expostulate with you on conduct which has proved so fatal and ruinous to your family, I could easily show you the great impropriety of your behaviour; not because I think that any thing I can say, shall remedy those evils of which it has been the occasion, but because, if you are at all open to conviction, and not yet devoid of sentiments of filial duty, you may yet be the mean of preventing farther afflictions, and obviating indescribable calamities. A short time must call me away from my father's home; you are his eldest son, and you must guide and support him in his de-

clining years. It is your business to do so, and it is one of the most solemn duties you can perform, next to the homage you owe to your God. You say, as a reason for your wife's breaking off from your friends, that her sentiments are different from theirs. That they are different, and widely different, is most true, and I fear that I have too much reason to think, that they are none of the most amiable kind either; for no woman of an upright heart, and amiable dispositions, would have acted towards your friends in the manner she has thought proper to do. It was your bounden duty, brother, whatever connection you formed, to honour your parents; and if your wife was a woman of principle or sense, you would have lost nothing in her esteem for doing so. But there was no occasion for running the risk of creating any dissensions in your family: in one word, you ought not to have formed an alliance with a woman whose character and views were so decidedly hostile to those of your parents—parents, whom you were bound by the tenderest ties, and

the most sacred obligations, to reverence and obey. You may say that you were compelled to resort to this step, by the advice of Mr. Durham—that you were obliged to allow yourself to be cajoled by an unprincipled man. You were no such thing; *you* would have suffered nothing in his estimation, to have declined his proposals at once —nay, to have treated them with reprobation and contempt. At all events, whatever view of the case you take, you *ought* not, at least, to have compromised the interests of your friends, for your own happiness."

"But you surely must admit, Henry, that I should be as good a judge of my actions, and as capable, as either my father or mother are, of advising myself how to act."

"Probably you are; that is, so far as you conceive your own actions to be conducive to your own happiness. But if you consider your actions, in reference to the relation they bear your parents, and the effects which they have produced, you must

be callous to every virtuous feeling, if you can contemplate their fatal result, and yet approve of your conduct."

"Oh!" said Edward, with a sort of serious indifference, "you know, Henry, that old people must die."

"Old people must die!" echoed Henry, "do you really, brother, possess such frigidity of feeling as to be able to speak in such cold terms as these of your parents? Can you really think of the melancholy death of your mother with such cold-blooded apathy. If you are naturally devoid of the common sympathies of human nature I pity you; but if such sentiments are the result of deliberate reason, I must say, that you are the only instance that I have ever witnessed of one who could manifest such marked ingratitude, and coldness of feeling, to the best of parents. I say that it is ingratitude in the strictest sense of the term, for you now, in the day of your prosperity —that prosperity for which your father's interests have been bartered, to deny your parents a portion of your help, and to with-

hold a share of those means which should have legitimately belonged to them;—that you can witness, without concern, death and trouble in that family where, but a little before, nothing but health and happiness reigned. And I must say too, that it *is* also the most extraordinary instance of callousness of feeling that could possibly be exhibited, when the very mention of your dear mother's name—that mother who delighted in putting herself to privations, and sacrificing her own comforts, in order to make her family happy, should not cause every sensibility of your nature, and every feeling of your heart, to melt into the deepest sorrow. Old people must die!! The very Arabs of the desert were incapable of uttering such a sentiment; and how monstrous must it be for one to make use of, whose mind should be more enlightened, and more under the genial influence of religious principles. I can scarcely credit my senses, that I should have a brother who was capable of acting in such a manner. O my dear mother!" continued Henry, with

the keenest expression of feeling, "were it possible that thou couldst yet be brought into this world, how happy would I be: I would feel only happiness in loving and serving thee! But that voice that uttered nothing but the language of affection is mute!—that countenance that glowed with the smiles of kindness and love is wan and pale—those eyes that ever beamed on thy children with the tenderest expression of regard are closed in death—and thou who wert the life, and soul, and blessing of the family, art now shut up in the dreary mansions of the dead, never more to visit this mortal abode! Thy pure spirit indeed shines in the realms of bliss, and this is a dear consolation! But can we ever refuse to shed the tear of deepest regret over thy grave, or cease to feel the most poignant sorrow for thy loss? No, no."

The ardour of Henry's feelings had carried him too far to enable him to maintain his self-possession; nature gave way, and he wept like a child. He speedily, however, recovered himself; for he was too

full of the subject to allow it to drop here. "My feelings have overwhelmed me. What else could be the case when I thought on such a mother, endeared to my memory by every tie of the most sacred obligation, and the tenderest affection. And can you really think on these things, brother, without being moved—can you think of them without being conscious of the blackest shame for the apathy which you have already showed, and without feeling your heart overflowing with the deepest sorrow for her death—can you recall to mind the numerous acts of her tender regard and unwearied kindness, without feeling the bitterest regret for her loss? I cannot think that you, or any human being, could be capable of indulging any sentiments different from these, towards the worthiest and the best of parents. With what painful anxiety did they anticipate your wants—how unremittingly assiduous were they in making provision for them! How many comforts have they denied themselves, and how incessantly have they laboured in order

that they might procure for you all that you stood in need of! How much of their means have you consumed in the course of your life—in the acquisition of your education;—means that might now be of incalculable benefit to your poor father and sister. Your honour, your usefulness, your happiness and success, were the grand objects of your parents, the thoughts of which were the chief stimulants to their continued exertions, and the only subject that comforted and solaced them in the midst of their labours. With what painful anxiety and eager hope did they look forward to the happy consummation of all your labours, and their own. And could you feel no obligation in your mind to requite those numerous acts of parental kindness? Could you really allow inattention and neglect, on your part, to draw tears of sadness from those eyes which have so often looked on you with tender pity? Must harsh and disrespectful language grate on those ears which have ever been open to your wants? Must the heart that so fondly loved you, be stung

with the arrows of unnatural disobedience, and crushed by a sense of the basest ingratitude? God forbid! Does not every ingenuous sentiment, and every pious feeling, prompt you to exert your utmost efforts to discharge a debt, which, after all, it *will* never be in your power to repay? *Ought* you not to have consulted their happiness in all your doings—accommodated yourself even to their humour—afforded *them*, in the decline of life, every assistance in your power—watched their looks with assiduity and attention—supported their feeble steps, and cheered their drooping spirits? But why, brother, should I enumerate these things to you; you should know them better than I; and I am sure that you cannot but confess, that I have said nothing but what is strictly consistent with reason, with filial duty, and the principles of religion."

Edward was, as usual, thoughtful whenever any grave admonition was addressed to him, by one whom he was conscious was superior in intellect to himself. What he heard seemed to make some impression on

his mind; but it was just as usual, as transient as the application of the mechanic's hammer to a bar of metal, which may shake it during the operation, but after it had ceased, would just relapse into its wonted solidity. But what follows will probably disclose the true cause of Edward's present susceptibility of receiving reproof, which, one would have thought, from his previous conduct, he would not be much inclined to listen to.

"All that you have said, Henry," said the somewhat subdued Edward, "is just; and I can only regret that circumstances should have been so infelicitous with regard to my condition, as to prevent me from paying that attention to my parents that I would otherwise have wished. It is easy for you, Henry, to speak, who is unfettered by the cares and the troubles of the world, with which I am now likely to be oppressed.

"I do not doubt, brother, but that you have cares and troubles—you could have expected nothing else;—they are just the effects necessarily resulting from a cause

which has originated with yourself. But, without ostentation, I believe I have encountered, young as I am, more troubles, and experienced more hardships, and those too of a very different description from any that you were ever exposed to. Many awful and dreadful scenes have I witnessed and been engaged in; but I have reason to be thankful, they were never the means of blunting any moral feeling, or perverting any religious principle. But what may the troubles be of which you complain?

"I am troubled, Henry, with importunate creditors," said the brother, with a feeling of uneasiness and some hesitation.

"I see it all now," said Henry, with the deepest expression of concern. "Seven short months have scarcely elapsed since you were the cause of your parents ruin—you have now ruined yourself. Your short domestic career has just come to a close worthy of its origin. I do not blame you, brother. Your wife, your accomplished lady, has been the cause of all this. Her extravagant notions and high opinions were

far beyond the means of your living. Will you now congratulate yourself on having procured an *accomplished lady*, for your partner in life? Will you say that you know how to act without the interference of friends; that the domestic government of your wife was preferable to that of your parents? Will you still say that she is the only lady that can make you virtuous and happy—that she acted with propriety, and conducted her household affairs with economy;—or do you not feel the deepest anguish, and the keenest remorse—that you ever were so infatuated as to form a connection that estranged your heart from those who should have been the dearest objects of your affection—who have been exiled from their comfortable home, in their declining years, and left to writhe in the deepest agony of affliction, and go down to the grave by the keen arrows of the worst of ingratitude—the ingratitude of a child! O, brother! brother!"

Without another word having been uttered, Edward involuntarily moved off, and

Henry directed his steps homeward, and acquainted us all with the subject of their conference. The father listened with seriousness, but uttered not one word; and the only way by which we could ascertain the state of his feelings, when addressed on *this* melancholy topic, were the occasional *sighs* which escaped from his breast, and which showed that the subject had taken no common hold of his affections.

But I must now be brief with the brief history of this unhappy family, and which may be all summed up in a very few weeks after this conversation. News arrived announcing the melancholy end of Mr. Durham—he had fallen in a duel in France. His affairs were deeply involved, and it was expected that Glenamon would be speedily brought to sale. This caused an immediate and strict inquiry to be made into his affairs; and, in the course of the inquiry, the metropolitan agent discovered that the intromissions of the factor were greatly deficient. His household property was instantly se-

questrated, and he himself discharged from the duties of the office. But this was not the consummation of his misery. He was also closely besieged by other creditors, and had often recourse to concealment to escape the gates of a prison.

It is singular, that during this short period of his misery, he never once ventured to visit his afflicted family. I believe that this chiefly arose from feelings of shame and remorse, which were keenly gnawing his conscience in this the day of his just retribution; for he was often discovered, both by Henry and myself, strolling alone in the fields, in a thoughtful and pensive manner, and when he observed us, he would shun us in as great haste as if we had been officers of justice going to apprehend him. And if his feelings were melancholy when abroad, they were not less painful (if I was rightly informed) when at home. His lady threw out the bitterest reflections with regard to his conduct, bewailed the day that they had become ac-

quainted, and repented the hour that had joined them together. They were now without a visitor, and, I believe, without the means of maintaining themselves. Not one of their former friends came to sympathise with them in their sufferings. By *them* they were unassisted and unpitied; *nay*, their condition was even made the subject of merriment and laughter. The expressions which were heard to be uttered by some of their former friends were such as denoted little regard for their fate.—"Glenamon's factor and his fashionable lady have ran but a short career indeed"—and others of a similar nature, which showed that his "great friends" now began to believe what they might probably before have some suspicions of, that the factor and his lady had never anticipated an evil day, nor ever dreamt into what state conduct ungoverned by prudence and judgment would bring them. But I can say little more of this misguided family, and shall only add, that on one morning it was discovered that

they had bade a final adieu to Glenamon; or, in other words, that they had decamped: and a few days afterwards brought indirect intelligence of their having shipped off for America! And this was the end of Edward Fitzroy and his lady!!

CHAPTER V.

THESE events could not but cause us much uneasiness and pain; the conduct of his son, and the melancholy result of his unfortunate connection, made a deep impression on the too sensitive feelings of Mr. Fitzroy. Whatever his thoughts were, he kept them in his bosom, for not an expression on the subject did he utter to his family. But circumstances now occurred, with regard to their beloved Henry, which tended considerably to alienate their thoughts from this painful subject. A letter from Captain Norton had arrived, acquainting Henry that his ship was to set out upon the ensuing week, on an expedition up the Mediterranean; and requesting him to repair immediately to Plymouth, regretting at the same time, that he should be under the necessity of hurrying him so soon from his friends. This was an order, however disagreeable it sounded in the ears of his

friends, honour and duty required Henry to attend to; and the worst of it was, that the time specified for his being in attendance was nearly elapsed, and that every effort was required to be instantly put in execution for making preparations for his approaching departure.

It was sore news to the father, as it was indeed to every one of us, that we were so soon to lose one who was the only source of comfort and consolation in the calamitous circumstances in which we were placed. It was necessary, however, that he should obey the command of his superior, and to offer any resistance to his departure would be altogether in vain. The vessel that was destined to carry him from his native land was to sail from the neighbouring port, at an early hour on the following morning, and on that evening he was to bid adieu to his dear friends. This day was, indeed, a scene of bustle and confusion. The father could give no assistance, for he was unable to move from his bed. The affectionate mother, that used to be so anxious on these

occasions, was now no more; and it was left to Philia to make the necessary preparations, which she probably did with as much care as her mother could have done, though with a heart swelling with grief at the prospect of losing a brother, of whose assistance and support her father at that moment stood so much in need.

The evening of his departure was indeed a scene of indescribable misery. Though all were conscious that it could not be avoided, yet it was, on that account, the occasion of the deepest sorrow and the bitterest regret. The hour that was to call him away speedily arrived. It was an hour that shall never be obliterated from my remembrance. The parting of friends is on all occasions painful, especially where there exists a reciprocity of kindly affections. It perhaps proceeds from a conscious deprivation of that happiness which existed while the object was present; and from just convictions of the uncertainty of life, which may cut off that object before another opportunity of meeting occurs. If such feelings operate on ordi-

nary occasions to render the parting salutation painful and irksome, how much more were they calculated to operate on the present, when there was every thing to render the scene dark and gloomy?

Here was a parent on the bed of sickness; perhaps on the bed of death; bowed down with disease, deprived, in a manner, of support in his old age, by the folly and ingratitude of one whom he had fondly thought would have been an honour and a happiness to the family—attached by the strongest feelings of love and sympathy to him who was now his only son, who was endeared to him by every estimable quality, and every amiable virtue—whose presence and conversation was a source of the greatest comfort and consolation in this the hour of their calamity—and when they thought of the time that he had already been absent—of the dangers he had come through while abroad—and contemplated his going upon another expedition—of his encountering like dangers, and of the possibility there was of his falling a victim to the chance of war—that this might

be the last time they would ever behold *him* upon earth, and that one or other might be called hence before another opportunity of meeting would occur. These considerations could not but weigh deeply in *the* mind of the tender-hearted father, and make him look upon the separation with feelings of sorrow.

And there was Philia, who was if possible more enthusiastically attached to her *brother* than her father, whose constant attention and kindness showed that she loved him with the most ardent affection—for she was possessed of a heart susceptible of the kindliest feelings, and the tenderest sympathies;—could she, wounded as those feelings were in the present calamitous circumstances of the family, look upon her beloved brother's departure, and the loss that she and her father *would* sustain by his absence, with any thing but feelings of the deepest woe? The sorrowful expression of the countenance was a sufficient index to the pangs of grief that were agitating her mind: when she thought of a helpless father—perhaps a dying father—

that she might be left alone and unprotected —that something might happen that would prevent her from ever again gazing upon the sweet countenance of her dear brother;— when these thoughts ran through her mind, no wonder that it made her look upon the hour of separation with the keenest anguish.

Nor was Henry himself less moved than they were. He was aware of the risks he might run, and the dangers to which he would be exposed, before he would again behold the dearest objects of his affection. But in truth he thought little of himself; his beloved parent and sister were the chief objects of his concern. The state of his father's health could not but make him somewhat suspicious with regard to his recovery, and that this might possibly be the last interview they should have upon this side of the grave; and the thought of his dear Philia being left an helpless orphan, could not but agitate and disturb his mind. He was not also insensible to the feelings with which his father and sister looked upon his departure, and this made him assume

an expression of cheerfulness to which his mind was altogether a stranger.

Such were the feelings of the parties at the hour of separation. As I have already noticed, the packet in which he was to embark was to sail at an early hour in the morning, and Henry having previously enjoyed a few hours repose, it was agreed that I should accompany him to the port, which was about eight or nine miles distant from Glenamon. It was after the devotional duties of the evening had been gone through, that the "Farewell" was to be pronounced. This was a duty that Mr. Fitzroy held too sacred ever to allow any circumstances or occurrences to make him forget, and while he continued the power of speech it would never be omitted. Though confined to bed, and suffering under the pangs of disease, it was gone through with the same regularity and ability that it was wont to be done. On the present occasion it seemed to be performed with more than ordinary fervour and solemnity. There was something so truly heavenly and sublime in the

feelings with which it was entered into, that it could not but have a powerful tendency to alleviate the pang of separation, and to calm the vexatious feelings that were rending their hearts.

I shall endeavour to figure the scene to you. The excellent father lay in a recumbent position; his Philia had placed the pillows so as to support his head in a kind of sitting posture, another pillow was placed before him, on which the Bible lay, and we were seated at a small table, which had been drawn close to the bed-side. The Psalm, which was the twenty-third, was read and sung by all, with feelings of the deepest fervour, and the most heartfelt devotion; and the prayer, which followed the reading of the chapter, was one of the most impressive that I think I have ever heard. The supplications which he offered in behalf of his dear Henry seemed to have been breathed from the inmost recesses of his soul, and drew tears from our eyes—that "that God who had so often manifested his loving kind-

ness to his distressed people in every age, who never grieved any without a cause, and who never visited them with calamity but for their good, though they saw it not, would manifest his gracious presence to them, in this the hour of their affliction; that he might go continually with him who was now to take his departure from the family; that he might be shielded from temptations and protected from danger; and that though they might never again be destined to see each other upon earth, they might all meet at His right hand, where there was fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore."

It is impossible to conceive the manner in which these sentiments, for they were not common-place expressions, were uttered, and the effect which they produced on the minds of those who heard them, is beyond description. This duty being over, supper was produced; but the appetites of all were so seared by the influence of other more powerful and predominating feelings that it re-

mained almost untouched, and all that Henry could be prevailed on to take, was a biscuit and a little wine.

I could not but remark, that though Mr. Fitzroy spoke little, he scarcely ever kept his eyes from his son, which seemed to be bent towards him with an expression of feeling which no tongue could utter and no pen can describe. At last Henry's hand was clasped in that of his beloved parent, and the words, "Farewell, dearest father," were tremblingly pronounced. "I grieve bitterly to part with you in trouble, and nothing but a sense of imperative duty could compel me to do it; but I sincerely trust, that when I come here again, you will be in better circumstances than those in which I now leave you; and, believe me, my dearest father, it will ever be the greatest pleasure that I can enjoy, to have it in my power to contribute my utmost means to promote your health, and prolong your happiness."

The father pressed his son's hand, as if fully conscious of the sincerity of his gratitude, and the integrity of his pur-

pose; but shook his head, at the same time, as much as to indicate, that he was but too fearful he would not be long in the world to enjoy the good offices of his son.

Philia, who was all this while standing by the side of her brother, and who had been all the night struggling with silent sorrow, in the prospect of Henry's departure, could not contain herself any longer —the sluices of sorrow, which were before choked up, now burst forth, and she wept and sobbed bitterly. "Oh! dear Henry," exclaimed the affectionate girl, "do not leave us—we shall never see you again—my father unwell, and I—"

This was more than Henry could bear; the tears were fast trickling down his cheeks, and he hastened to conclude the scene. He again pressed his father's hand, turned and embraced his weeping sister—"Be very kind to your father, Philia."

The eyes of the father were intently fixed upon his children. Though dim and languid from the effects of disease, they still gave sufficient indications of what was

passing in his mind—sorrow, deep and keen, was the reigning feeling in his bosom; and, from the occasional glance of his eye above, it showed that he was at that moment breathing silent ejaculations to heaven, for their welfare and happiness.

Henry had now moved to the door, followed by his weeping sister, who was still hanging upon his hand; and he was just about to mount his horse, when his name uttered mournfully by his afflicted parent, sounded in his ears. He flew into his father's room, and a momentary smile of benignant joy seemed to pass along the good old man's countenance, as his eyes gazed on that of his son. "My dearest child," he said, holding out both his hands, "I called you back, to give you all that I can offer—my blessing."

Henry was so much overpowered that it was with difficulty he could abstain from weeping aloud; and to conceal his sorrow, he had fallen insensibly on his father's neck.

"My dearest Henry," said the affec-

tionate father, putting his arms around his son, "you are the greatest blessing I ever enjoyed; you were always a blessing to the family, and I trust you will continue to be so, at least, to your poor sister. May the blessing of the God of your fathers, for ever rest upon you." Henry raised his head; his father again pressed his hand, and looking upon him with a countenance expressive of the deepest anguish, and agony of mind, bade him farewell, and sunk down in tears, upon his pillow.

Heny flew out, but still the weeping sister was by his side; he again threw himself into her arms—embraced her—burst into tears, and tore himself away. We quickly mounted our horses, and moved off, without uttering a single syllable to each other.

Ah! Mr. Emelton," said Henry, and these were the first words he addressed to me, after leaving the house, "I would not for worlds, encounter such another scene of separation, as I have done just now. I am as sorry at leaving them, as they are to see me go away; and yet, I wish that I had not

come to visit them, though I love them most dearly, and longed most ardently to see them.

I mentioned to him, that it was the unhappy circumstances in which they were at present placed, that rendered the pang of separation so poignant; but that I trusted, when he came again to visit them, that circumstances would be such, as to make his visit more agreeable, and a separation less painful, than on the present occasion.

By this time we were about a mile from the village; we had rode slowly. The night was dark, but calm. The sound of footsteps behind us, accompanied by heavy respirations, as of one in hard pursuit, made us halt, when to our great astonishment, Henry beheld his sister coming panting after him. "Forgive me, dear Henry," said the affectionate Philia, and uttering at the same time the most heart-rending sobs, "I shall break my heart after you."

With feelings of gladness and grief, Henry dismounted, and took his sister in his arms. What with so many contending emotions of

sorrow and joy, struggling in her breast, at losing and meeting her Henry, she seemed to be convulsed with feelings of the deepest anguish, and the most rapturous delight. "Oh! dearest brother," she said, in the most bewailing accents, "do not leave us; do not, I beseech you, Oh! do not go away to-night."

"My dearest Philia," said Henry, "in the sweetest voice, "do not vex me. *You* know that I must go—it is my duty to go; but I shall soon return."

"No, no, dear brother," said the affectionate sister, in the most pathetic *tone*, "*I* shall never see you again; you *shall* not go —stay but till to-morrow, and I would," she said in the overflowings of her heart, "I would just die for you."

"Dear Philia," said I, for Henry was incapable of speaking, "do not grieve your brother; we all mourn his departure, but it is for his own good—for the good of the family, that he leaves us. I am sure you would not like to see your Henry *dis*honoured. He has just but little enough

time to go from this to Plymouth; and if he waited another packet, Captain Norton would have sailed, and then what would he do?"

Philia was not in a state to listen to reason. She would have wished nothing better, than that Henry should remain at home. He was about to tear himself from her, but she renewed her entreaties; and beseeched him, in the most earnest manner, to remain at home, at least for that night. At last he forced himself away; but the moment she perceived his intention, she flew again into his arms, bursting at the same time into convulsive sobs, that went through our very hearts.

Her feelings had overpowered her strength, and she was now leaning apparently lifeless in his arms. Her condition alarmed us, and there was hardly any aid that we could administer to her, for we were at present at some distance from any habitation. Henry's feelings at this moment are not to be described—it was, indeed, altogether the most sorrowful night that I had ever

beheld; but if there were any period when Henry's sorrow was more intense than another, it was surely during the moments he held his apparently lifeless sister in his arms. By degrees, however, she began to recover, and Henry was overjoyed. "Now, Mr. Emelton," said he, "convoy me no farther. In other circumstances I would have been most happy of your company—I know your kindness, but take my sister home, and I shall pursue my journey alone."

This I saw was not an imprudent suggestion, and I accordingly acquiesced in it. The brother again in the most feeling and affectionate manner, embraced his sister; but she was either too weak, or had not yet sufficiently recovered herself, to be sensible of it. Henry mounted his steed, bade me farewell, and rode mournfully off at a quick pace. With difficulty I got Philia home; she spoke little, and retired to her apartment with a heart full of sorrow.

Next morning, the distressed Philia made a communication, which, while it raised our admiration of its author, caused us at the

same time much uneasiness. It was a letter that had been left in her apartment by Henry, enclosing a twenty pound note; but which, from her perturbed state of mind in the preceding evening, she had not observed. The letter was in these terms: "My dearest Philia—Delicacy prevented me from delivering the enclosed with my own hands. It was for you alone that I have saved it out of my pay, and it will give your brother the greatest pleasure, if you will now appropriate it to your own use."

This was another wound to Philia's feelings, and also to her father's; for, although they could not but admire the noble feelings of their Henry, yet when they saw that he was infringing on his own happiness, by saving from an allowance which was no more than barely sufficient to supply his own wants such a sum as he now presented them, they could not but feel uneasiness and pain. After much had been expressed by all of us on the subject, and seeing that it would now be altogether impracticable to get the money forwarded to him, it was

agreed that Philia should be the custodier; a proposition in which this amiable girl cordially acquiesced.

The situation of the family continued for about a month much the same as it was at present. Dull beyond description we undoubtedly were, and the only occasions we experienced any relief from that state of mind, were when our thoughts dwelt upon the amiable virtues and excellent character of our absent friend. No apparent change in the father's health took place, and he continued to support himself under his disorder with that Christian fortitude which religion only could confer.

Such was our state at the period at which I am now speaking, when we were destined to witness another memorable event in the history of this unfortunate family. One evening after tea, I think just that night five weeks after Henry's departure, we were somewhat surprised by an apparent change on Mr. Fitzroy's state of health; his features seemed to be more lively, and his faculties of speech more free than they

had been since he had taken unwell. Philia seemed overjoyed, and I myself was not destitute of a feeling of pleasure at the change; but alas! it was only destined to be the precursor of an event very different from that which we had anticipated, and thus, by throwing a ray of hope upon our minds, to render the disappointment that was to follow more violent and painful. "My dear father," said Philia, "I rejoice to see you looking so well, I hope that you will be restored to health, and that we shall soon be happy."

"Yes, my dear child," said the good man, casting his eyes upon her with expressions of ineffable love, "I shall soon be perfectly happy, and I trust that the knowledge of that will make you likewise happy."

Philia stood transfixed to the spot, gazing with fearful anxiety upon her father, while he used these mysterious expressions. Though struck with the remarkable tone in which they were uttered, and the serene feeling of mind which it indicated, I was

certain that it was too sure an omen of approaching dissolution.

"Do not be uneasy my daughter," continued the good man, observing the expression of Philia's countenance, "that you are to lose your father."

"Lose my father!" echoed the frantic Philia.

"Yes, my dear daughter," said the father with another ineffable smile, taking her hand; and his manner made her gaze upon him with speechless wonder, and breathless agony, "look my child," said he, directing her finger to a passage in the Bible which lay open before him. Philia instinctively followed the eyes of her parent, and she saw that they pointed to these words:—"When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up." "Continue my child to live as you have been brought up, in the fear of God, and in a dependance on the Saviour. Be continually thinking far more of heaven than of this sinful world, and you will learn to feel little regret for earthly bereavements;

and a more ardent anxiety to escape from this chequered scene of trouble and probation, to reach those happy mansions where felicity and love for ever reign, and where friends shall meet to be separated no more."

Philia heard all with that humble composure, which one would naturally feel when in converse with a superior being; but there were evidently, from the expression of her countenance, no common emotions passing through her mind, and she scarcely credited her senses that her father's dissolution was so nigh at hand. Mr. Fitzroy still continued—Mr. Emelton, your attachment to my family—your attention to my comfort, and the long experience I have had of the goodness of your character, assure me, that you will act as a faithful guardian, and the part of an indulgent parent towards my daughter. Henry will bless you for it, and so now shall I—"May the God of your fathers bless you both, and my dear Henry,"—and he added after a pause, "my son Edward." These were the last words he uttered; he sunk his head

on his pillow. For a while he seemed as if he had fallen asleep, but alas! it was the sleep of death. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

"On he moved to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend.
Sunk to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently sloped the way—
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere this world be past!"

Or in the beautiful lines of another, I might truly say,

"Virtues his lowly heart concealed,
In nature's weakness were revealed—
And still the unrobing spirit cast
Diviner glories to the last,
Dissolved its bonds, and cleared its flight,
Emerging into perfect light!"

CHAPTER VI.

This afflicting dispensation was borne by us with feelings of calmer resignation than we had expected. We were unable to communicate this additional calamity to Henry, as we had yet no intelligence of him since his departure, and were therefore ignorant where to address to him. But though the afflicted Philia sustained this severe trial with a melancholy calmness, yet it was evident, that the effects of the accumulated calamities in which she had participated, were soon to make a very sensible impression on her health. Though my own mind was deeply afflicted, I endeavoured as much as possible to divert her thoughts from the melancholy subjects which occupied them. But all my efforts were of no avail—she gradually declined into a state of progressive weakness, until she was at last thrown into all the agonies of a high nervous fever. My situation, at this time, may be better

imagined than described. My anxiety for this amiable girl's recovery, incessantly harassed me, and caused me many painful thoughts, and many sleepless nights. For five weeks she lingered under the pains of this excruciating disease; three of which she was deprived both of her senses and her speech. By that time, the disorder had begun to take a favourable turn, and Philis was slowly recovering. But ere she had become perfectly convalescent, the truth of that old saying, that "afflictions do not come alone," was now to be fully and awfully verified.

It was at this time the middle of winter—the ground was covered with snow, and every thing looked bleak and dismal. On one night during the evening school hours, I was somewhat surprised to see my old faithful housekeeper call me out of the school, for it was very rare that she came to summon me from that place, and I was struck with alarm at the tremor and confusion she seemed to be in. "Oh, Mr. Emelton," she said, as soon as she could get

utterance, for she had run herself out of breath, "hasten immediately home, Miss Fitzroy has gone distracted—she'll die with grief—her brother is killed!"

Bless me! I involuntarily exclaimed, what is that you tell me, Emily; you are surely not in your senses. Philia distracted —Henry killed—how has that happened —who has brought the intelligence?

I was so confused, and this was the first time that my usual philosophic calmness deserted me, that I scarcely knew what I heard or said, or where I was going, though all the while following Emily to the house as fast as my legs could carry me. The news, in short, had so much astounded and unnerved me, that I was altogether paralized with horror.

In the utmost state of agitation and distress, I reached the house—but not a sound I heard. Where is Philia, Emily? "In her apartment, Sir." But neither in her own apartment, nor in any apartment in the house, was she to be found. This was

strange, and still more distressing. Speak, Emily, and tell me what has happened.

Emily did so. I had just left the house after dinner, when the postman came to the door with a letter, with a large black seal upon it, and addressed to Philia's father. Philia opened it, and just as she glanced at it, she burst into a scream that was beyond human, and which went to my very heart. She tore her hair—her eyes struck fire—her countenance seemed to be in a flame, and she continued to utter the most heart rending cries that ever were heard. "My brother—my dear Henry, killed—a lifeless corpse lying under the waves of the ocean. No—no, I must see you, my dear brother—your sister must see you. Killed! Who would be so cruel as to harm you. Oh, my God! shall I never again behold my brother—and she burst into another dreadful scream. Other incoherent expressions she uttered in the wildest manner; bursting alternately into pitiful cries, and sometimes into frantic laughs. I became alarmed—I laid her gently upon the sofa, and in the

confusion of the moment, thinking that she would remain there, I left the house and ran for you.

And where, Emily, is this fatal letter; not knowing scarcely what I was about.

"It is lying upon the floor, Sir, just at your feet."

It was just as she said, I hastily lifted it up and ran over its contents, which were these:—"My dear Sir, It is with sincere regret and the deepest sorrow, that I have to inform you, that your amiable son, and my highly respected friend, has fallen a victim to the fate of war. In latitude 45, longitude 15, we fell in with one of the enemy's ships of the line, a vessel much superior in force to ours. The signal of battle was given, and after a desperate engagement of two hours, we succeeded in obliging her to lower her colours. It was just in the last round, that your son, after conducting himself during the action with great courage and intrepidity, was struck by a musket ball, which pierced his body, entering by the left side. He was at my

side on the quarter deck, when he received the fatal shot; he fell into my arms, faintly articulating your name, and instantly expired. This event, Sir, cannot be more distressing to you than it is to myself—I have lost a young friend, for whom I had the greatest esteem, and the highest opinion —one of the most amiable young officers that ever entered the navy—and one who by his skill, courage, and bravery, would have risen, had he been spared, to a station which few could attain. I shall carefully take charge of his property until I come to Britain, when it shall be sent you. Meantime, depend on my countenance and support, and praying that Almighty God may enable you to bear with pious resignation this lamentable bereavement—I remain, with respect, your sincere friend,

"CHARLES NORTON."

Such were the truly melancholy tidings which had been the occasion of what had happened. But deeply affected as I was, Philia's situation recalled me to my senses. Where was she? Where was she to be

found? Philia out of the house on such a night, and in such a state of mind, were thoughts that gave me immediate alarm. Search every neighbour's house, I cried, though it was rather strange if she had gone to any such places, for we were, from our retired habits, but on a slight footing of intimacy with our neighbours; and it was also strange, that one who had but lately recovered from six weeks illness, should have left the house on such a cold snowy night as the present was. Emily, however, did, as she was desired, and I traversed every part of the village, but all our inquiries were in vain. Every thing now assumed the most serious and alarming aspect. The evening was getting far advanced, and no traces of her were to be found—the elements of nature seemed also as if they had been destined to baffle our inquiries, or to add to the melancholy gloom in which we were immersed—the sea was roaring—the winds were howling, and sleet and rain were falling profusely. Nothing, however, could preclude us from using every

means to recover the object of our dearest regard, and our most anxious concern. Many of the villagers were called up and acquainted with what had happened, and they, much to their credit, resolved, and actually did exert their utmost in finding out the object of our search. I despatched them in all directions through the fields, and I instinctively took myself the path that led down to Glenamon. I passed the house of my best friend, where I had spent so many happy days, but, alas! it was dark, and cheerless, and untenanted—no light beamed from its windows, and the voice of no inmate sounded within its walls. I shed a flood of tears, when I thought what it once was, and what it had now become. This was the only tribute, that my present situation could allow me to pay to the ruins of departed worth.

A little beyond it was a small hut where an old cottar, once a servant of Mr. Fitzroy's, lived. I directed my steps thither, and when I entered, the venerable occupant was in the agonies of inconceivable horror.

I hastily inquired what had happened. "I have seen an apparition," he exclaimed, "Glenamon house is haunted." I pressed him to disclose what he had seen, and he informed me, to my great surprise and alarm, that about an hour and a half before this he had heard the sound of some strange voice about the house; and, old and infirm as he was, he had ventured out to see whence it proceeded, or what it was. He said that his imagination made him believe that he saw the figure of a female running about the house, and uttering the most heart-rending cries that he had ever heard. This could have been no other than the afflicted Philia: I informed him what had happened, and what had brought me hither at such a late hour, and his thoughts of the apparition were now converted into a firm belief, that the figure he had witnessed could be no other person than the one I was in quest of. I gathered from him, during the short conversation that followed, every reason to suspect that Philia had taken a direction towards the shore. Thither I

speedily directed my course, calling her incessantly by name, and examining every step that I made with the utmost care. Five hours did I consume in this manner, upon the shore and among the rocks, until I had become quite hoarse with speaking, and almost exhausted with fatigue. It was one of the most dismal nights that I had ever spent; and nothing but a deep sense of the awful nature of my mission could have supported my mind under it. The dawn of the morning had just began to appear when I found myself close to the spot where I now stand; and the light was just sufficient to disclose to my horror-struck vision what I imagined to be the lifeless corpse of Philia Fitzroy. Her hair was dishevelled over her face; her countenance was pale; and she lay upon her side betwixt the graves of her parents.

I snatched her up in my arms, and I thought that I heard her breathe, and I was, for the moment, overpowered with joy. I thought that I felt additional strength to bear my burden, and, as swift as my aged

limbs could carry me, I flew home with this precious treasure. Every restorative that was calculated to effect her recovery, was administered, and every necessary advice and assistance were speedily procured. After watching over her for about seven hours, with feelings of the deepest grief, and the most wistful anxiety, Philia began to open her eyes, and faintly to articulate. Her thoughts and her expressions were all about her brother. "Henry!—my dearest Henry!—killed!" she faintly sobbed out; which showed that the death of her brother was overpowering and rending her tender heart.

It was deemed necessary to keep her as quiet as possible, to prevent the recurrence of fever. For three days and nights did my faithful Emily watch over her bed-side, and she seemed, to our inexpressible joy, to maintain the possession of her senses, though in the weakest state of body, and in the most oppressed condition of mind that could possibly be conceived. The loss of her beloved Henry was the constant subject of her thoughts, and what was continually

haunting and oppressing her heart. I endeavoured to appear as cheerful as possible; for I must confess that the melancholy condition into which the news had thrown Philia, had engrossed much of those feelings which would otherwise certainly have been occupied with the lamentable end of my friend Henry. By degrees, but with much care and judicious management, Philia began to gain strength; and by directing her mind closely to those truths of Christianity, which are our only solace in this scene of trial and adversity, her mind began gradually to assume a heavenly calmness, and to evince feelings of pious resignation to the dispensations of Providence.

Thus patiently, quietly, and submissively did a few months more pass over our heads, when one evening we were surprised by a visit from a stranger, who was no other than Captain Charles Norton. In stature Captain Norton seemed to be rather above the middle size; apparently about thirty-four years old, but of a slender make; and cer-

tainly, from his mild placid features, one would not have been much inclined to suspect that he belonged to the sons of Neptune. There was something so serious in his manner of expressing himself, and so pensive in his countenance, that bespoke the worth of his mind, and the excellence of his character; and his appearance, in short, was altogether such as to prepossess one strongly in his favour. When he mentioned his name, he was welcomed by us with every feeling of pleasure and respect. He gave us to understand that he had retired from service—that the great regard he cherished for the memory of Henry had induced him to come down to visit the family—that, since he had come to this part of the country, he had accidentally heard, to his grief and sorrow, of the calamity which had befallen us—and that he would deem it the greatest happiness he could possess, if we would now regard him as our friend. Philia looked upon him with sentiments of the greatest respect, and with feelings of sincere regard, as the friend and the patron of

her beloved brother. His presence on this occasion, tended not a little to relieve our feelings, and the many pleasing traits in Henry's character, with which he made us acquainted, were listened to with the deepest interest. I cannot go on, nor is it indeed any way necessary that I should be very particular with the remainder of my narrative, and therefore I shall briefly sum up the conclusion.

As I have already said, Philia looked upon Captain Norton with sentiments of respect, which, indeed, the excellence of his character would have elicited from one less disinterested than the sister of the beloved brother who had so long enjoyed his friendship and support, and who had breathed his last in his arms. But though Philia manifested towards Captain Norton much kindness and respect, she never looked upon him with any other feeling, nor dreamed of any other connection subsisting between them, except that of having declared himself to be their friend, and, on that account, she regarded him as her superior, and looked upon him

with feelings of gratitude. The communings which were held were mostly in my own presence, and were conducted by both with that delicacy, discretion, and good sense, for which they were so eminently characterized, and which were, in every respect, congenial to the peculiar circumstances of our situation.

To me, as the guardian of Philia, Captain Norton showed himself warmly attached. Many a morning and evening stroll we had together through the fields of Glenamon—sometimes he would spend the greatest part of the day in the school, and in the evening at my house. In this way did two months, or rather more, slip over; but though we passed our time in this way rather more agreeably than we had probably done before, yet it did not in the least remove that load of affliction which was still hanging upon our minds, and that melancholy expression of countenance, which none of us were able, or indeed pretended to dissipate.

Captain Norton had an eye to the estate

of Glenmoon, which was now in the market; and he resolved, if he was successful in obtaining it, to make it his future residence. He took an opportunity about this time, of giving me to understand, as the guardian of Philia, but with much modesty and good sense, that his happiness would be complete, if I could be able to prevail on my amiable ward to become his partner—that this was his only wish, and his sincere desire. I was not surprised at this declaration, for I could see no obstacles to such an alliance; but on the contrary, from the reciprocity of their sentiments, and the goodness of their characters, that they were in every respect mutually calculated to promote each other's felicity. Happiness, indeed, in this life, Philia never looked for; and undoubtedly, had she been applied to by any suitor, whose avowed object was to dispel from her mind the gloom in which it was enveloped, and to banish from her breast that sorrow which he had never experienced, or which he was incapable of indulging,—to one of this description she could never have consented to

be united. But it was the circumstances, not merely of the connection which had so long subsisted between Captain Norton and her brother—that indeed weighed greatly in her opinion—but the disinterested attachment, the sincere friendship he had ever manifested towards the family, the lively sympathy with which he entered into all their feelings, and into all their sufferings, tended much to prepossess her in his favour.

These were the qualities of mind which won the affections of Philia, in her present situation, and which induced her to listen, with a favourable ear, to his proposals; and to go in calmly and affectionately with the feelings and sentiments of this amiable man. In one word, then, Captain Norton became the proprietor of Glenamon; and, in a few weeks afterwards, was united to Philia Fitzroy.

There were no rejoicings nor festivities on the occasion; and no expressions of gladness or mirth were uttered by any of us. There are some minds who think that en-

joyment consists in indulging in the more revellous passions of our nature—but in this they are mistaken. No thinking mind can view this life, either in relation to what it has been, or in what it is destined to terminate, and derive any solid advantage, or real blessing, from mixing in the joys and festivities of a giddy world. To those, who delusively imagine that this state of being was called into existence merely for them, and they for it; and that they have only to live, and die, and be forgotten—they may conceive it to be their wisest plan to indulge in all the enjoyments of life, falsely so called; for, according to just reasoning, and true philosophy, no substantial benefit, no real happiness can be enjoyed from the pleasures of life, in the strict signification of the term. But to those who regard this state as the mere vestibule to a greater—and this life as a short term of preparation to one that is eternal—they cannot feel interested in its transient pleasures—and they cannot rid their minds of those many sensations which the evils of life—evils which are necessarily

attendant on a state of imperfection, give rise to; but by a wise law in the constitution of our natures, our merciful Creator has so formed our affections, that the indulgence of all the softer emotions of the heart are attended with a secret pleasure—that sorrow, which is excited by the loss of a favourite object, is moderated and sweetened by the balmy influences which the possession of a heavenly hope diffuses over it—that hope which is founded on the promises of the Gospel—that can anticipate the time when those dear associations, which existed upon earth, shall be united again in a happier state of being, by the ties of an affection which can never be broken—it is that state of mind—that calm melancholy sorrow that cannot fail to confer happiness; and which, while it teaches the mind to be less alive to the fleeting enjoyments of life, enables it, at the same time, to pursue with ardour those things which belong to its eternal peace.

Now this is just exactly the state of mind which this virtuous couple exhibit. They

associate with no company but the society of the good. No scenes of hilarity are ever witnessed in their dwelling. They delight in diffusing happiness and comfort to all around them. They are happy in each other's society; and they experience still greater felicity, in a scrupulous regard, and a conscientious devotedness to the doctrines and duties of Christianity: but still in the appearance, and in the conversation of both, there is an evident expression of pensive melancholy and deep sorrow, which sufficiently indicate that the severe bereavements which they have sustained, and the painful scenes which they have witnessed, will never be irradicated from their remembrances, on this side of the grave.

With regard to myself, I was prevailed on by Captain Durham to give up my school, and to take the offices of factor and manager of his estates; these situations I now hold, with a very liberal income. If I ever did any thing for the family, which I am not by any means conscious of, I am now amply repaid by their friendship, their

kindness, and support. I cannot, at my period of life, reasonably look for many days; and I own that I feel occasionally a melancholy pleasure in drawing near to this spot—the spot that contains the remains of my dearest and best friends. I feel a kind of pleasure when I am here, and especially when I am alone. But the period is not far distant, I trust, that will call us from this world of trouble and woe, and unite us to those dear friends, whose spirits are now shining with spotless lustre in the mansions of heaven.

CONCLUSION.

My feelings at this moment were so much overpowered that I could hardly utter a syllable. I admired and respected the honesty of feeling, and candour of sentiment, which the narrator displayed; but the tragic events which his narrative depicted, occasioned such emotions in my breast, as altogether to incapacitate me from uttering a single expression. Mr. Emelton felt my situation, and ascribed my silence to its true cause; but being speedily aroused by a signal from the boat, I was hurriedly, but reluctantly, compelled to part from him; and took my leave with feelings of the deepest interest and regret. I went on board, and we resumed our voyage, but I was so much agitated and occupied with what I had seen and heard, that I could scarcely tell what took place during the remainder of it; and, I may say, that even at *this* very hour, the impression which Mr. Emel-

ton's narrative produced, is just as fresh and vivid as when I first heard it. On the passage, however, I could not refrain from revolving in my mind what I had heard, and, also, from moralizing upon it. I could not abstain from exclaiming to myself—To what evils are we subject in this sublunary state! How amiable do Christians appear in affliction—and what heavenly consolation does the Gospel afford! These were my first expressions, for they were the most natural ones; but when I went into the particular characters of the narrative, I could not but feel deeply afflicted to hear of an amiable family reduced to misery and desolation. While, however, I wept, and wept bitterly for their fate, I could not, at the same time, but admire that nobleness of nature, and that greatness of soul, which, under the influence of Christian hopes and principles, can enable the mind to rise superior to the evils by which it is encompassed, and to make calamity itself even desirable, when it can exhibit such heavenly sentiments, and such amiable feelings.

What a picture of real worth and excellence of character do their lives exhibit and their death present! How patient in trouble!—How resigned in adversity! No murmur—no repining at the hardness of their fate, escaped their lips. No feeling of ill-will or indignation were harboured in their breast against those who had acted towards them the most cruel and ungrateful part. How few such instances of real excellence of character are to be found—they may be found, indeed, in the retired abodes of humble Christians, but they will assuredly never be found in the haunts of the worldling and the infidel.

Nor was I less interested in the history of the amiable Midshipman, than I was in that of his parents. Would that all of his profession were characterised with the same lovely traits of character that he was! How admirably did he conduct himself in the situation in which he was placed, and in the different scenes through which he passed; and how warmly did he assert the rights of his parents, and urged the claims which

they had upon the gratitude and attention of his thoughtless brother. Who can refuse to applaud the meritorious conduct of this amiable son, or refuse to shed the tear of sorrow for his untimely fate? May his Christian virtues be eagerly emulated, and universally imitated.

The inconsiderate Edward, I view him more with a feeling of pity than of anger. As Mr. Emelton justly observed, one of his dispositions would have required to have been under the control of a power much superior to that which his amiable parents could exercise over him; for they were undoubtedly of too mild and gentle dispositions, for training up one who required the powers of his mind to be regulated by more coercive instruments than those which they were capable of wielding. As it was, his actions were undoubtedly more the result of a native thoughtlessness of mind, than emanating from any fixed principles of hostility to his parents, or any premeditated determination to violate the obligations of filial duty. But his conduct formed a

striking counterpart to that of his relations, and enabled that of the latter to appear with peculiar lustre. He had adopted one as the partner of his life whose character and dispositions were diametrically the reverse of his friends; and certainly, when contrasted together, no candid mind can fail to perceive the deformity of a character destitute of religion—the striking difference between the maxims and conduct of the heavenly-minded, and those of the worldling. Her day of prosperity, however, was not of long duration—and the thoughtless ingratitude and disobedience of her husband brought them to ruin. May his conduct and his fate be the means of deterring others in similar circumstances from such indiscretion; and may the knowledge of the mischievous effects which such conduct is calculated to produce, make them cautious how they adopt any step that may be hostile to the wishes, or detrimental to the happiness of virtuous and religious parents.

Of the affectionate Philia no one can

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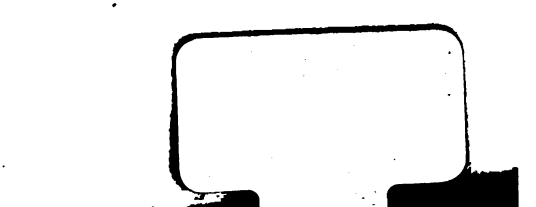
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